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HOW LADIES WERE SHUNNED YESTERDAY.

Timid Young Men, Afraid of
Leap Year Proposals,
Avoided Feminine
Society.

That fateful day, February 29, has passed. What the casualties are no man knows, but this morning the male man who has passed safely through the ordeal of Leap Year Day breathes freely again, secure that except of his own initiative he runs no risk of being called upon to change his happy bachelor state for another four years.

Yesterday was undoubtedly an exciting time, notable for many wiles and ruses. The first reminder a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative had of it being Leap Year Day occurred on the early morning bus to the City.

A strange conductor was punching the tickets, replacing the genial man who for years had bid a cheery "good morning" to the passengers.

"Where's our conductor to-day?" asked the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative of the driver.

Overwhelmed with Tracts.

"Hush!" warned the driver, "he's taking a day off." He's afraid of that old lady who's been giving him tracts for the last three months. She has waited for the bus every morning, and got poor Bill into such a state that he's been punching tracts and giving them to passengers instead of tickets. So he's not going to give her a chance on Leap Year Day."

The ruses of mean men to avoid giving opportunities to ladies who harboured serious intentions towards them were many and various.

Continued on Page 5.



Last night bachelor girls took advantage of Leap Year custom to hold a ball in the Empress Rooms, Kensington. The fair sex took upon itself the duties of selecting partners and taking them down to supper.

BATTLES IMMINENT.

Port Arthur to be Stormed
To-day.

RUSSIANS SAY 'NO SURRENDER'

General's Striking Proclamation
to the Garrison.

LAND FORCES IN TOUCH.

After a brief encounter between outposts near Ping-yang, forces on both sides are concentrating, and a pitched battle is expected.

The Japanese are reported to be in strong force. From the direction of Kirin a flanking movement by the Japanese may be developed.

General Stoezel, commanding Port Arthur defenders, announces that the Japanese intend to take the fortress, but declares that he will never give the order to surrender.

British coal shippers are alarmed at the seizure of British coal vessels by Russia, who has declared coal to be contraband of war.

Everything appears to point to fighting between the land forces of Russia and Japan within the next few days in the neighbourhood of Ping-yang. So far back as Thursday last Russians were reported to be in the vicinity of An-ju, and on Saturday the scouts of the opposing forces sighted each other, but there was no collision.

There was a slight skirmish, however, on Sunday morning, when a party of Russian cavalry came within the fire range of a body of Japanese infantry about half a mile from Ping-yang, where it is said, on the one hand, the Russian horses fled, and on the other that the Japanese troops were driven back and some prisoners taken. Whatever the issue of the slight encounter, it is clear that "the eyes" of the respective forces have looked upon each other, and news may come at any moment of a battle between the respective main bodies.

JAPANESE IN FORCE.

At such an interesting juncture it is important to estimate the relative strength of the forces on the spot, but here again there is nothing very reliable to go upon. A wireless message to the "Times" correspondent at Wei-hai-Wei from Chemulpho states that 20,000 Japanese troops have landed there, and it is supposed that 8,000 troops, with a few guns, are advancing beyond Seoul towards Ping-yang.

Other statements are that 60,000 Japanese are concentrated at Gen-san, or Wonson, which is on the east coast, not a very great distance from Ping-yang.

Even the Russians appear to admit that the Japanese have not been able to land more than 60,000 to 70,000 men, and advance them as far as the Gensan-Hwangyu line, but it is naively added:—"Russians are wondering, in view of the smallness of the number landed, whether the Japanese have not modified their plans."

HOW THE RUSSIANS STAND.

On the other hand, nothing very definite is known as to the movements of the Russian troops beyond the fact that, up to February 21, 3,000 had crossed the frontier into Korea. Information, however, comes from Moscow that Russian infantry occupy a portion of the Seoul-Pekin road, between the station of Liao-yang on the Manchuria railway and the Yalu River, and that the Russian front and flanks are well supported.

The right flank is at Ta-kong-ku, on the Manchuria side of Korea Bay, and about fifteen miles west of the Yalu, and the left flank is near the town of Wiju.

All these dispositions show that there is no prospect of the Japanese making a steady advance north without having to fight for it. On the other hand, it is still asserted that General Kurokata will concentrate his forces at Harbin, and that, if the Japanese manage to make their way that far north, they will get a warm reception.

DIVERTING MOVEMENTS.

In addition to the prospect of fighting in the neighbourhood of Ping-yang, it is possible that both sides will develop other movements with the object of diverting each other's attention from concentrated action; and in this connection it is important to remember the recent landing of Japanese troops at Possiet Bay, about fifty miles south-west of Vladivostok. It is said that they routed the Hun-chun garrison, and are now marching on Kirin.

This flanking movement on Kirin, says a Tientsin telegram, promises, if it meets with no check, to be the most effective blow yet delivered, because, provided the Japanese force is sufficiently strong, it may be able to cut both branches of the railway between Harbin and Mukden, and on to Port Arthur.

"NO SURRENDER."

Meanwhile, the Russian commander of the troops at Port Arthur (General Stoezel) has fears of the ultimate destiny of the port, and has issued an order of the day exhorting the troops and the residents to defend it to the last. He says the enemy intends to seize the fortress, but "the enemy is mistaken." He adds the Russians will not give way. "We must fight to the finish, as I, the Commander, will never give the order to surrender."

"There is no way out. On three sides is the sea, and on the fourth side will be the enemy."

"AT ALL COSTS."

From St. Petersburg it is stated that the Japanese fleet has received orders to storm and take Port Arthur to-day, March 1, at all costs, but up to a late hour last night the Japanese Legation in London had received no information on this subject. Port Arthur, however, has been reinforced by Russian troops, and a further decisive attack by the Japanese is expected.

RUSSIAN WAR-SONG.

ABUSE OF THE "SQUINT-EYED, PIG-TAILED KNAVES."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ODESSA, Feb. 25.

Russia is taking the war mildly upon the whole, but she is not exempt from "mafficking" in its various forms, and one curious manifestation of this is the large number of patriotic songs that are being published all over the country.

A song called "Slavnaia Rossiya" (Glorious Russia), composed by a student named Litvinoff, is just now the rage. It was published "about a week after the outbreak of war, and has already been sung with unparalleled enthusiasm in all parts of the Empire."

At Moscow, a few nights ago, during a performance of the celebrated comedy "Revisor," the Muscovite "gods" interrupted the play and refused to let it proceed until the actors had rendered their favourite war-song twice.

Two verses of the song which is sung, strangely enough, to the tune of "Boys of the Old Brigade" run as follows:

We beat the French, the Turks, the Swedes,
Because our cause was right;
And the yellow Japs are stronger than they,
Will soon be paid to fight.
Shall Holy Russia fear these knaves?
These squint-eyed, pig-tailed gnomes!
Drive them, brothers, through the waves
Back to their yellow homes.

The Caucasus, the Dnieper, Don,
Will send their squadrons forth,
And the sound of their triumphant march
Will terrify the earth.
Holy Russia is just,
Intrepid, wrathful, strong,
And the yellow Japs shall bite the dust,
And whine for peace ere long.

IS COAL CONTRABAND?

Considerable annoyance is felt by shippers of British coal at the action of Russian destroyers in seizing British steamers in the Red Sea laden with coal for Japan. It is said that fifteen ships carrying coal of the value of £700,000 have been seized by Russia, although it had not been formally declared that coal was contraband of war.

Replying to a question on the subject in the House of Commons yesterday Earl Percy said the Russian Government were considering regulations regarding contraband, and that they would be communicated to the Powers.

On this subject the fact appears to have been overlooked that these regulations were issued by the Russian Government on Sunday and were published in London yesterday. From these it appears that "every kind of fuel, such as coal, naphtha, spirits, etc.," is regarded as contraband of war, and "neutral ships with contraband of war of any sort can, according to circumstances, be not only seized, but also confiscated."

In view of this, the position of British coal shippers is by no means pleasant. These regulations can, however, be departed from in the discretion of the Russian authorities, and news is to hand that the Tsar has ordered the release of some of the British colliers.

POR T ARTHUR DEFENCE.

Between the Enemy and the Deep Blue Sea.

General Stoezel, commanding the troops at Port Arthur, has issued an order that the Japanese consider the seizure of Port Arthur to be a question of national honour, and he concludes that the enemy intends to attempt to seize the fortress.

"The enemy, however," proceeds the order, "is mistaken. Our troops know, and the inhabitants are herewith notified by me, that we shall not give way. We must fight to the finish, as I, the commander, will never give the order to surrender."

I bring this to the notice of those less courageous, and call upon all to become convinced of the necessity of fighting to the death.

Those who leave without fighting will not save themselves. There is no way out. On three sides is the sea, and on the fourth side will be the enemy. There is no other means but fighting."

"TO BE TAKEN AT ALL COSTS."

Foreigners living at Yingkow, says Renter, state that the Japanese fleet has received orders to storm and take Port Arthur on March 1 (to-day) at all costs.

Upon inquiry at the Japanese Legation in London last night, it was stated no war information of any kind had been received.

INNKEEPERS MUST SUPPLY TEA AND NON-ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

If their customers so desire. This has been brought home to the tenant of the Black Swan Inn, Crawley, by a refusal to renew his licence.

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DIARY OF THE WAR.

Feb. 5.—Japan sends her Note breaking off negotiations with Russia.

Feb. 7.—News published in St. Petersburg and London.

Feb. 8.—Russia has the first shot, the Korietz firing on Japanese warships off Chemulpho.

Feb. 9.—Naval battle off Port Arthur; four Russian ships destroyed.

Feb. 10.—Tsar grants success to Russian arms.

Feb. 11.—Treaty issued formal proclamation of war.

Feb. 12.—Japanese troops occupy Seoul, the capital of Korea.

Feb. 13.—M. Kurino, the Japanese Ambassador, leaves St. Petersburg.

Feb. 14.—Bridge on Manchurian Railway reported blown up.

Feb. 15.—Japan formally proclaims war.

Feb. 16.—Declaration of neutrality by the other Great Powers.

WAR FLASHES.

NOTES AND COMMENTS FROM MANY SOURCES.

No details have been published of the falling of a locomotive through the ice on Lake Baikal, beyond the fact that the mishap occurred very near the shore, and that the locomotive went to the bottom.

Russian officials in Port Arthur are apparently determined to prevent the leakage of news, and for the alleged offence of having relations with a Press correspondent an American and two British subjects are said to have been expelled from the port.

Eight hundred ladies of the Russian aristocracy assemble daily in a fine suite of rooms in the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg and busy themselves in the work of preparing garments and comforts for the soldiers at the front. The Tsaritsa personally superintends the work.

Difficulty is being experienced in dealing with slaves and students in Vienna. They are mostly Slavs and profess Social Democratic principles. They held an anti-Russian meeting the other day, at which wishes were fervently expressed for Japan's success in the war.

There cannot be much doubt about the sympathies of the Emperor of Korea, as he has just contributed £10,000 to the Japanese Soldiers' Relief Fund, his excellent example being followed by the Crown Prince, who has given £5,000, while another Prince has contributed £2,000.

One enterprising American newspaper has issued a picture of the Japanese troops clad in heavy coats, hoods, and gloves. Not to be outdone, a rival organ published a picture showing the "Mikado's" troops in summer dress, but they appeared charging the Chinese troops during the last campaign!

There is something very refreshing in the way the officers of the contending forces criticise each other, and it is not surprising to find General Teruchi, the Japanese War Minister, expressing the opinion that he thinks the Russian staff officers excellent. At the same time he regards the regimental officers as very inferior.

Much has been said about the huge expenditure of ammunition in the Port Arthur and Chemulpho engagements, and charges have been made against both sides of bad shooting, but little fault can be found with one of the Japanese shots in the Port Arthur engagement on the 24th ult., when the searchlight was hit, and there was consequent darkness.

The credit of producing the first wireless message from the seat of operations rests with the "Times," which yesterday published a telegraph message received by the De Forest system from Chemulpho to Wei-hai-Wei. The great advantage of this method of communication is, of course, that the censor is rendered physically impotent.

Misfortunes appear to attend the majority of war correspondents who are bottled up in Tokio, awaiting permission to join the land forces and witness some of the operations for the ultimate benefit of numerous expectant readers. But one American scribe has been more unlucky than his colleagues, for after making a strenuous effort to reach Chemulpho he was suspected of being a Russian spy, and now lies in a Japanese gaol.

The terrible credit of producing the first wireless message from the seat of operations rests with the "Times," which yesterday published a telegraph message received by the De Forest system from Chemulpho to Wei-hai-Wei. The great advantage of this method of communication is, of course, that the censor is rendered physically impotent.

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MAIDSTONE TRAGEDY.

Funeral Procession Passes Through Snow-clad Streets.

Maidstone was a sad city yesterday, when the victims of the tragedy which has caused a shudder through England were laid in the town cemetery.

Mr. Charles Tooteel and his wife and two daughters had lived their lives in Maidstone, a quiet enough life, but one which had gained them respect and esteem. They had played their parts in affairs which interested those around them, and were persons whose personality was very real to everyone.

The horrifying horror and completeness of the tragedy was the more stupefying as, if the loving and honoured husband could through illness, and a not uncommon illness, wreak such sudden sorrow, who could not but feel the uncertainty of life.

Hundreds of persons assembled in the cold, snow-clad streets yesterday to witness the last sad scene of the funeral.

There was a short service in the house, and the final ceremony took place in the cemetery two miles away.

Husband and wife were buried in one grave and their two girls separately.

The surviving daughter, Irene, remained at school at Folkestone, spared the ordeal of seeing all dearest to her on earth pass to their last rest in a single day.

In the early years of widowhood the age of the widow was a much less important factor in determining the rate of remarriage than the period which had elapsed since the death of her husband, said Mr. J. Burn, F.I.A., at a lecture before the Institute of Actuaries yesterday.

Russian transport Yenisei blown up by a mine at Port Arthur. Four officers and ninety-two men killed.

Feb. 12.—Chinese rebels sent to Japan and Russia that if the Imperial Tombs at Mukden are not respected she will take steps to protect them by force.

Feb. 14.—Second night torpedo attack on Port Arthur. Russian cruiser Boyarin damaged.

Feb. 16.—New cruisers Kasuga and Nisshi reach Japan, chastising her for "treachery."

Feb. 19.—First encounter between Cossacks and a small Japanese force at Possiet Bay, on the south side of the Yalu. Some Japanese taken prisoners.

Feb. 23.—Treaty of Alliance concluded between Japan and Korea.

Feb. 24.—Japanese attempt to "bottle up" Port Arthur.

Feb. 25.—Further attack on Port Arthur. Russian torpedo-boat sunk.

Feb. 26.—Japanese reported to have landed at Possiet Bay, to the south of Vladivostok.

Feb. 27.—Treaty between Japan and Korea announced.

THE TWO-POWER STANDARD.

Naval Policy of the Government Explained.

Mr. Pretzman, the Secretary to the Admiralty, held the attention of the House of Commons yesterday afternoon. He began by asking the permission of the Chair to make a "short" statement relative to the Navy Estimates. The service members here trooped into the Chamber in force, and proceeded to busy themselves with their pencils.

Mr. Pretzman argued, as his opening proposition, that the vote (£327,000) could not be regarded as inordinately large.

There were three friendly Powers in Europe who were the principal maritime naval Powers—France, Germany, and Russia. If France and Russia were taken together those two Powers possessed first and second class battleships, built and building, to the total number of sixty-four. France and Germany together had sixty-one such, built and building, whereas Great Britain was sixty-three.

"It was therefore to be seen," remarked Mr. Pretzman, "that, judged by the two-power standard, we are well up to the standard, but not unduly beyond it." The service members cheered in approval.

"OUR THREE GREATEST ADMIRALS."

In considering the question of cruisers the Admiralty was not governed by a two-power standard at all. The duty of cruisers was to protect trade and commerce and mercantile marine, and therefore the standard which the Admiralty had to deal with was not a comparative standard, but one which must be proportioned to the magnitude of the interests to be protected. The smaller vessels followed in proportion.

Mr. Pretzman came to the "personnel" of the question. The steps taken to increase the reserves were bearing out the anticipations of the Admiralty. In the royal fleet the number now available is 10,548, and it was proposed to increase the Royal Naval Reserve by 50 executive officers, 180 in the new class of warrant officers, and 3,600 men. Also up to the present 2,000 men had been enrolled in the Naval Volunteers, and divisions had been formed in London and the Clyde, while negotiations were in progress for other divisions on the east and south coasts, and in Liverpool.

Dealing with the education of officers the Secretary declared that some of the results had been very remarkable. One boy, when asked who were the three greatest Admirals, named Lord Nelson, Blake, and Selborne!

The House roared with merriment at the elevation of the last-mentioned nobleman to the dignity of naval greatness.

PREMIER IN HIS PLACE TO-DAY.

Mr. Balfour, looking decidedly better for his second stay at Brighton, reached Victoria yesterday afternoon, to wait at the station of Westminster.

His return to his official duties at Westminster was, however, once again postponed. He reported to be well on the road to complete convalescence, but his medical adviser's orders are imperative. He must not yet expose himself to the risks of an exceptionally severe winter's day. It was incidentally announced yesterday on the authority of the Irish Secretary (Mr. George Wyndham) that the Premier "hopes" to be in his place to-day.

CAUTIOUS MR. CHURCHILL.

Questioned yesterday in the lobby of the House of Commons, where he has resumed attendance, concerning the rumour that he intended to fight Sir Howard Vincent for his seat at Sheffield, as a free trader against a protectionist, Mr. Winston Churchill replied: "I will not go so far as to say there is no truth in it. It is a very interesting suggestion."

MAD LADY'S LEAP FROM A STEAMER.

An exciting scene was witnessed at Newhaven yesterday soon after the arrival of the boat from Dieppe. One of the passengers on board was Miss Charlotte Marie Rose Morel, the sister of a Paris doctor. Just as she was leaving the steamer she jumped into the creek near the harbour railway station. She was rescued by a policeman at the London and Paris Hotel.

At Lewes Police Court yesterday Dr. Morel undertook to take care of his sister. As the lady was obviously of unsound mind the magistrate remanded her in custody for her to be placed in an institution.

AMERICAN CURIOSITY.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan has a nephew who has lately married a Japanese lady, and the young couple are now on their way to the Morgan residence. The way, however, led through Chicago, and here the bride was held up by reporters and photographers, who photographed her in all directions and pried her with personal questions as to the clothes she meant to wear, if her fox-terrier was a Japanese dog, and how Mr. Morgan had carried on his courtship.

"DAILY MAIL" WAR MAP.

Owing to the continued large demand for the map of the "Far East," over 100,000 copies have now been produced. The scale is larger and the information is fuller than any other map published at the same price.

The map folds within a cover into convenient size and may be obtained from the publishers, George Philip and Son, Limited, 32, Fleet-street, E.C. and of all booksellers, newsagents, and booksellers.

In the presence of the Emperor William and other royal personages the funeral of Prince Henry, third son of Prince Henry of Prussia, took place yesterday in the side chapel of the Church of St. Nicholas, Kiel.

Lord Knollys has informed the Liverpool Cathedral Building Committee that the King has consented to lay the foundation stone. The date is not yet fixed.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Gusty and very cold easterly breezes; cloudy, with snow at times generally.

Lighting-up time: 6.38 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate generally.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Fighting between the Japanese and Russian forces is imminently expected in the neighbourhood of Ping-ying. General Stoessel, commanding the troops at Port Arthur, has issued an order intimating that the enemy intends to take the fortress, and adds: "We must fight to the finish."

(Page 2.)

His Majesty the King yesterday held a levee at St. James's Palace. Before the ceremony the Victoria Cross was conferred on Major Gough as a reward for valour in Somaliland.—(Page 3.)

Naval estimates were discussed in Committee in the House of Commons yesterday, a statement by Mr. Petyman showing the general position preceding the debate.—(Page 2.)

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge is making good progress towards recovery.—(Page 5.)

It is practically settled that the King will leave London for Denmark shortly before Easter, the visit to occupy about three weeks.—(Page 2.)

Mr. Balfour, who returned from a short visit to Brighton yesterday, has not yet been able to resume his official duties at the House of Commons. It is thought that he may do so to-day.—(Page 2.)

Lord Francis Hope, who wedded Miss May Yohé and subsequently appeared in divorce proceedings, has married the daughter of a late Australian banker.—(Page 15.)

All society is taking a great interest in the marriage at Westminster Abbey to-day of the Master of Belhaven and Lady Grizel Cochran, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Dundonald.—(Page 13.)

Handwriting on a lady's photograph was the main reason for Mrs. H. M. Casson, of Liverpool, obtaining a decree nisi against her husband in the Divorce Court yesterday.—(Page 6.)

The question of legislative measures to support their profession has been raised as a result of the "ragging" incident among the nursing staff at a London asylum. A Bill now before the Commons would help to remedy the present faulty system.—(Page 6.)

Additional details respecting the terrible fire on the ss. Queen, bound from San Francisco to Seattle, British Columbia, show that the crew behaved magnificently. Passengers have presented the captain with a testimonial in recognition of his courage.—(Page 15.)

There was an echo of the Great Fingall frauds case yesterday in the Bankruptcy Court, when an application was made before Mr. Justice Buckley to amend proof of debt against A. S. Howe, the defaulting secretary, now undergoing penal servitude.—(Page 6.)

Reports to hand speak of the severity of the weather in all parts of the country, and a distressing fatality is reported from Cumberland. The forecast suggests a change to milder airs.—(Page 5.)

"At a Man's Mercy," a thrilling new story, commences in this issue.—(Page 10.)

Before the Common Sergeant at the Old Bailey yesterday Frederick Heilbert, formerly a major in the Army, in connection with which he had a distinguished career, was for theft of a ring sentenced to four months' imprisonment.—(Page 6.)

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, retired president of the United States Steel Trust, has been "breaking the bank" at Monte Carlo, his play at the tables attracting much attention.—(Page 13.)

Leap Year Day proposals were scarce, man's modesty being again apparent. A special article on the subject appears in this issue.—(Pages 1 and 2.)

In the presence of a large and sympathetic crowd the funeral of the victims of the Maidstone triple tragedy took place yesterday in a snowstorm.—(Page 2.)

In view of distinct symptoms of cancer found in fish, Dr. Bashford, superintendent of the "Cancer Research Fund," is anxious for diseased live fish for purposes of experiments.—(Pages 5-8.)

At a Battersea inquest a distressing story was told of a young man who committed suicide by cutting his throat.—(Page 3.)

There was no play in the Test match at Sydney yesterday, owing to the wicket being under water.—(Page 14.)

In the International Association football match at Wrexham, Wales drew with England, 2-2. In the second division of the Football League, Woolwich Arsenal defeated Burnley at Plumstead by 4 goals to nil.—(Page 14.)

Slaughtering was manifest in connection with the day's doings on the Stock Exchange. The Home Rail market held up fairly well. A feature of American returns was that for a month issued by the Grand Trunk, which showed a decrease of £278,000.—(Page 15.)

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, visit Cambridge, where His Majesty opens the Law School and Squire Law Library, the Medical School, the Sedgwick Memorial Museum, and the Botanical Laboratory.

Grand Lodge of Mark Masons: Re-election of the Duke of Connaught as Grand Master.

The Prince and Princess of Wales attend a matinee performance in aid of the National Hospital for Paraplegic and Epileptic at His Majesty's Theatre, 2.15.

Marriage of the Master of Belhaven and Lady Grizel Cochran in Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster Abbey, 2.30.

The Lady Mayoress's reception at the Mansion House, Nigeria, the Duke of Marlborough presides, 4.30.

THE KING'S LEVEE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.



Yesterday the King held a levee, the first of the season, at St. James's Palace. Previously, since the King's accession, the levees have been held at Buckingham Palace.

THE KING'S LEVEE.

Major Gough Receives His Record of Valour.

Even in a snowstorm there are worse places than the Mall while the King is holding a levee at St. James's Palace. Against the dirty grey of sky and buildings the scarlet capes and hats of the royal coachmen make a brave splash of colour, with the Life Guards' cloaks and the flowing plum-coloured garb of the state trumpeters to vary the scheme.

There are bands playing, too, one to begin as soon as the other stops, and a constant succession of gorgeously-attired gentlemen in cabs to look at—some in solitary grandeur in hansom, others packed four or five strong into four-wheelers, all looking supremely uncomfortable, as Britons always do when they are in uniform simply to be stared at.

It was all over yesterday before one o'clock, and the King drove back to lunch at Buckingham Palace, with his trotting escort of plumed horsemen, looking very pleased at getting the ceremony over so soon.

The royal circle was a very small one, including only the Prince of Wales and Prince Louis of Battenberg. The Diplomatic circle, on the other hand, was large. Both the Japanese Minister and the Korean Chargé d'Affaires were present, though not representative of the Russian Embassy who was to be seen.

Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Lord Selborne, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Erroll, and Lord Clarendon

attended, as well as the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of the City of London; but, as is usual, the first levee was a small one.

Before the ceremony the Victoria Cross was conferred by His Majesty on Major Gough, as a reward for his splendid valour in Somaliland.

LYCEUM RELICS.

Those about to furnish should look out for today's sale by auction of the fixtures and fittings of the old Lyceum. These include the dining-table, carpets, curtains, and chairs of the famous Beef-steak Club Rooms; and even the furniture of the royal saloon will come under the hammer.

The contents of the lost property office will also be dispersed. Ladies' gloves, sixty-nine fans, a hat, two bonnets, and three fur tippets are among the long-lost articles offered. While the male player contributes thirty-two walking-sticks, nine umbrellas, jewellery, opera-glass cases, and two silk mufflers.

LAST KISS REFUSED.

Mr. John Troutbeck held an inquest at Battersea yesterday, on the body of Ernest Clarke, who committed suicide last week. He had been greatly depressed, and on Friday morning he complained that he had passed a wretched night, and added, "Mother, I must do it."

He asked her to kiss him good-bye, but she would not unless he put down the razor that he held in his hand. He refused, and went upstairs, where he was afterwards found with his throat cut.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

MEN LEARN COOKERY.

Students of All Ranks in Life at L.C.C. Classes.

Great strides have been made by men in the important art of cooking.

Nearly all the Technical Institutes which have sprung up within the past two or three years have special cookery classes for men.

The London County Council's Technical Institute at Pitfield-street, Hoxton, has in its men classes many Salvation Army members, who find a practical knowledge of cooking of great value when away on mission work. A commissionaire finds being able to cook helps him to many a bright coin during the London season.

Another student is a doctor, who works side by side with a confectioner's apprentice, perfecting himself in the delicate production of dainty little dishes for the connoisseurs of Shoreditch and Hoxton. These men cooks, though their consommé may not be quite so tempting as the Carlton's, can turn out a most delicious omelette of old English pudding sufficient to break the heart of any female cook.

Suspecting that a house in New Compton-street, Soho, was being used as an unlicensed club the police raided it. Immediately a number of men rushed out and climbed over a wall at the back, against which a ladder had been reared. Certain of the principals were demanded on bail by the Marlborough-street magistrate yesterday.

COUTTS' MASCOT.

Story of the Firm's Three Crowns and a Guinea.

Coutts' are about to make a change in their location, and the famous old banking firm will then have performed a feat which, in the eyes of some of its half-century servants, amounts almost to sacrilegious and revolutionary departure from precedent.

Exactly how many years the firm has been at the dingy-looking, smoke-blackened, flat-fronted

wondered as to the origin, and still more as to the sign of the Three Crowns. Many people have survival, of this ancient sign, and not a few have at times imagined that the sign was not always to be found on documents issued by Coutts'.

It appears, from a statement made to a representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* yesterday, that it was only twenty-two years back that the present senior partner became aware that the sign was at one time on every document sealed. Originally the firm was founded by a John Campbell, and it was the late Mr. John Campbell, of Islay, who wrote the letter shown to the modern head of the firm upon which the sign was exhibited. The writer was at the beginning of the eighteenth century the principal of the firm, and the document

FAMOUS BANK ABOUT TO MOVE.



Coutts', the famous old banking firm, is about to change its address, and the well-known and dingy-looking premises on the Strand are to be vacated. The move is only across the road.

building in the Strand only the ancient records of the place could show. But it is beyond dispute that the house, which has had the noblest families in the kingdom for its customers, has also been partially built upon and maintained by elements of romance such as are, generally speaking, only to be found in novels.

The first success of the firm appears to have accrued by the lending of a very large sum to an at the time almost ruined young noble, who not only repaid the loan, but added thereto the introduction of other good customers.

Coutts' has also a "lucky guinea," which is regarded with almost as much reverence by the youngsters of the staff as by the venerable cashier himself, who has half a century of faithful

was addressed to Campbell, of Shawfield. It was sealed with a large seal bearing three crowns and the initials of "J. C." in duplicate, as well as



The uniform of the Corps of Commissioners has altered very little since the foundation of the body in 1859.

The inscription "At the sign of the Three Crowns in the Strand, next door to the Globe Tavern." Since that time "At the sign of the Three Crowns" has been the distinctive mark of the firm upon all their cheques and circular notes.

Several witnesses at North London Police Court yesterday would not speak loud enough to enable the magistrate to hear them: "Education is woefully behind in this country," Mr. Haden Corser exclaimed. "People cannot speak up and answer questions—two results of School Board teaching."

service behind him. He it is who keeps the wonderful coin in a well-worn leather case, and would probably as willingly refuse to pay to the order of the chief director as part with the token which is of so great importance. The present cheque issued by the firm bears the

THE COMMISSIONNAIRE.

How London's Smart Corps Was Formed.

Captain Sir Edward Walter, K.C.B., founded the Corps of Commissioners, and his death is keenly felt among the men for whose interests he had worked since 1859.

Impressed by the hardship which time-expired men often suffered on leaving the Army or Navy, he started the Commissioners with eight men, of whom only one, Henry Parsons, of the Royal Navy, survives. He has now been ill some time, and it is hardly possible that he can attend the funeral of his late chief.

Every man admitted to the corps was subject to the personal approval of Sir Edward Walter. The only qualities he demanded were good character, industrious habits, and self-respect. How well he succeeded in his enterprise can be certified by those who employ members of the corps.

The success achieved is due to the fact that it is organised not on charitable lines, but on strict business principles. In addition to good character, sound health, and a minimum height of 5 ft. 7 in. are indispensables.

Many of the men of the corps are in regular employment; the others are paraded at nine o'clock each morning, when selections are made for temporary employment that occurs.

Many of the men, from their experience as officers' servants, find ready employment in civil life as valets, and in this capacity travel all over the world. At the present time there are London men so employed in Italy, Johannesburg, and Durban.

The original Commissioners' Club in Exchange-court, Strand, has swelled with its muster-roll, which is now 2,890, until the value of the property it owns is moderately valued at £100,000. Part of this property is on the site of the old Thatched House, with which Nell Gwyn was associated.

In connection with the club is a sick fund, a convalescent home, and a savings bank, in which the men are bound to invest to make provision for their families.

Sir Edward Walter will be buried to-morrow at Bearwood, Wokingham, in the family grave of the late John Walter, of the "Times." By his own request only twenty men of the Commissioners' Corps and six staff-sergeants will attend the funeral.

UNHONOURED PROPHET.

Dowie, the prophet, is no stranger to Australia, as he lived there for some years. On his present visit his one-time fellow-citizens have not held out to him the glad hand of welcome.

On the contrary, at his first meeting at Melbourne the audience chased him off the platform, and he had to seek refuge in the organ loft.

Dowie thinks the disturbances will injure Australian credit with bondholders. Australia does not think Dowie has any credit left to injure.

THE KING.

His Majesty to Visit Denmark This Month—To-day's Ceremony.

It is practically settled that the King will leave for Denmark on the 26th or 28th, before Easter Sunday. He will be away for about three weeks, and on his return will proceed on his promised visit to the Irish capital.

For his visit to Cambridge he will leave King's Cross at 10.45, and he will be joined at Cambridge by the Queen who will arrive from Sandringham.

Perhaps the most important function the King has yet undertaken at Cambridge was the unveili-



The commissioner has great possibilities as a valet, and is often employed in that capacity.

ing, in 1878, of the statue of Prince Albert, who was Chancellor of the University from 1847 to 1861.

Ten years later the King, then Prince of Wales, visited the University at the conclusion of the academic career of the late Prince Albert Victor.

The schools to be opened are largely the result of private benefactions.

TREASURE IN TRANSIT.



The new premises to which Coutts', the famous banking firm, is moving, are nearly opposite to the old and weather-beaten stone building in the Strand which has so long been associated with the name.

HOW LADIES WERE SHUNNED YESTERDAY.

Continued from Page 4.

The least bold of these men avoided business for the day and took an out-of-town trip. There were many cases in which pretty typewriters were told on Saturday that they could take a day's holiday yesterday. Some of these ladies saw through the ruse, and smiled bitterly, others less hardened went home and wept over their lost opportunity.

Many of the waitresses at the busy City restaurants missed several of their usual customers at the mid-day meal. In some cases it was rather pathetic to watch the anxious glances which many a pretty little waitress cast to the doorway, expecting that each moment her favourite customer would appear.

Dare Not Say Match.

But, alas! in too many cases such anxiety was ill-spent. Strange restaurants were sought by the eligible young men whose attendance and attention had hitherto been regular and persistent. Some, indeed, assumed a hardness they could not have felt, and walked with a callous smile to their usual seats, but these men had in the majority of cases taken the precaution of inviting a friend to lunch with them. So what could the poor girl do?

These young men who ventured to their accustomed places alone were most precise in their language, and coldly polite in their bearing.

Such words as "spoons" they carefully avoided, and one young fellow in a Fleet-street smoking-room, who was on the point of asking the waitress for a match stopped suddenly in the middle of the sentence, and in his confusion launched into involuntary extravagance, and substituted "cigar" or "match."

It is but fair to state that it was the penalty which attaches to the refusal of a Leap Year proposal that accounted for the nervous and cowardly behaviour of many young men yesterday.

Gloves Out of Date.

Although it is believed by some that a pair of gloves is all that is necessary to save the wounded dignity of a girl who has been refused, yet it was generally understood that a red silk petticoat was the recognised penalty.

It was the red silk petticoat that was the cause of most of the trouble. The average twentieth century young man has no hesitation at all in asking a shop assistant in a brave voice for "a pair of lady's gloves, size 6½," but he would require a course of nerve tonic to bring him to the stage where he could, undismayed, inquire for a red silk petticoat.

The Leap Year Day custom certainly placed the bashful young man in a terrible dilemma. Forthcoming marriage announcements will show how the difficulty was solved in some cases.

On the other hand, there were young ladies who were placed in a somewhat similar difficulty. One of these yesterday confided to the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative that she would gladly take advantage of the right given her by the Leap Year custom, if only for the sake of receiving the penalty.

"But I don't like any man well enough to marry him," she remarked, "and there are men mean enough to marry you if you asked them to avoid having to buy a red silk petticoat."

It is certain that many girls refrained from exercising their undoubted right for fear of being embarrassed with an undesirable man who was too stingy to pay the penalty of refusing.

Ballet Girl's Proposal.

The Leap-Year Day custom revealed an amusing conspiracy of revenge at one of the West End variety theatres. Through his severity at rehearsals the ballet-master had made himself very unpopular with the girls.

To punish him several of the girls arranged that, one of their number, of the heavy dragoon style, with a masculine voice, and who from her general tone was called "Madrali," should propose to him last night. The outcome of the proposal is not known.

In spite of so much that was unpromising there were many pretty little romances that were brought to a head yesterday.

Young men whose proposals had been hanging fire for months were brought to the proposing stage by a coy, mock, threatening glance, or a smile more charming than usual. Many men, reminded of their tardiness by the Leap Year custom, gallantly decided to remove from their sweethearts the necessity for a gentle reminder, and took the matter into their own hands.

Happy Couples in the Tube.

Though it is impossible to say who took the initiative in every case, it is certain that a good many happy young couples travelled home by the "Tubes," Underground, and "buses" last night blessing the Leap Year custom.

Some of the proposals that led to this result were made by telephone, an easy method for the blushing maid; others by telegram; while there was at least one case whether a messenger-boy carried a lady's proposal. But in the last case it is regrettable to add the addressee gave the message back to the boy and bribed him to say he was unable to deliver it.

With midnight came the last opportunity for the celebrants to take the initiative until 1908, and this was celebrated by many Leap Year parties.

At the Royal Palace Hotel a Leap Year carnival was held to benefit Our Dumb Friends League. This was a merry function and had a very large attendance.

No Record of Proposals.

Some attempt was made to keep a record of the proposals made, but there was no means of checking the rumours that were flying about. There were certainly a large number of happy-looking couples, who beamed delightedly at each other, but perhaps Cupid in his ordinary way of business was responsible for this.

In reply to a query as to the best way to propose to bashful men, Miss Mabel Love, whose portrait appears on page 8, said yesterday, "I can imagine there might be circumstances where the man's position was, perhaps, inferior to the lady's, and she, being fully assured of his love and affection, might delicately hint that they would be happier married than single."

Miss Maude, a couple, who is playing in "The Chinese Honeymoon," when asked by a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative how she would propose to a bashful young man, said she was sure she would never have sufficient pluck to take advantage of Leap-Year, and all men are perfectly safe as far as she is concerned.

LONDON'S FIRST SNOWSTORM.



Londoners woke up yesterday to find London covered with snow, and during the day there were falls at frequent intervals. As it had been freezing, the snow remained unmelted during the early part of the day, but it was not sufficient to hinder traffic.

SNOW-CLAD LONDON.

Severe Weather Comes Too Late to Help Trade.

From all over the country comes the same tale of winter. A white mantle has covered England impartially, from the bleak Border district to the sheltered southern valleys. The snow fell persistently and heavily throughout the early hours of yesterday morning, and during the day the keen east wind, with a sharpened edge of north, kept the temperature, except in the most crowded business districts of London, well below freezing point, and the snow on the rooftops survived the faint efforts of the sun to penetrate the drear, grey clouds.

Signs of Thaw.

To-day there are indications that the wind may veer to the humid west, when driving rain showers will quickly dispel all traces of frost and damp the spirits of enthusiasts who have already oiled their skates.

It is too late in the season to expect ice that will bear, but the skater, despite years of disappointment, never despairs of even a few brief hours of sport.

Woman Dies in Snowdrift.

On the Bootle Fells, in Cumberland, a woman was found in an advanced state of exhaustion, having been lost in the snow for two days, and died before she could be conveyed to the nearest town.

Traffic has been greatly impeded on the river, and hunting has been generally suspended.

Traders and Snow.

Shopkeepers are keenly alive to weather variations, and welcome a fall of snow to hasten the sale of winter goods.

A representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* called on a few well-known firms to hear their experiences.

"Making any difference to us?" echoed a manager in Gamgee's. "I should think it does. Why, on Saturday night we were working till all hours to cope with the rush. What did we sell? Warm socks, gloves, underclothing, waistcoats; in fact, warm everything."

Messrs. Cowling, the Regent-street rubber sellers, had rather a different tale to tell. "We've cer-

tainly had no rush," they said. "The snow has come too late in the season."

"I wish it had come two months earlier," said the manager of Ross & Co., the Bond-street furriers; "it's no good now. People hang on, thinking the weather must soon change, and will not buy."

To much the same effect the London Glove Company, also of Bond-street: "The sudden cold has made no difference. We are selling a few more gloves, perhaps—reindeer lined with squirrel, particularly—but very few."

NEWS IN LITTLE.

America's latest fad is that of having small photographs printed on the finger nails, and the custom is invading London.

Road motor-car service between Slough and Burnham Beeches and Beaconsfield was yesterday inaugurated by the Great Western Railway.

Old Bailey Sessions commenced yesterday, with fifty-five prisoners for trial. The Recorder said the calendar was the lightest they had had for years.

Mr. J. F. McCarthy, Independent Unionist candidate for St. Stephen's Green, yesterday issued a second address denying the rumour that he intended to withdraw.

Mr. R. O. B. Lane, K.C., the junior magistrate at the West London Police Court, resumed his duties at the court yesterday, after an absence, through illness, of nearly three months.

Because she sent her thirteen-year-old son to church for confirmation in his working clothes a woman named Dilg has been sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment at Kaiserslautern, Germany.

Great Britain and Spain have concluded a treaty of arbitration, by which all differences of a legal nature which may arise within the next five years are to be referred to the Hague Tribunal.

Stepney children can continue their infantile debauch on sweets without fear of poisonous ingredients. The Borough Council has specially tested samples for compounds of arsenic, but none were detected.

On the application of Mr. Harry Lee, the Bishop of London's Registrar, the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House yesterday granted a summons against Mr. J. A. Kenis for brawling in St. Paul's Cathedral.

dral on Sunday. The summons is returnable on Friday. No public application was made.

Frau Henningsen, a centenarian, living at Duselholz, Schleswig-Holstein, has received a porcelain cup from the Kaiser as a birthday gift, accompanied by an autograph letter enclosing £15.

"Very strange," remarked Mr. Dickinson at the Thames Police Court, in sentencing Alfred Warner for a drunken assault, "that men who have been out of work for a considerable time can always find money for drink."

Complaint was made by the chairman of the Star Omnibus Company at yesterday's meeting of shareholders against the competition of the L.C.C. trams, which, it is stated, carry passengers over competitive routes under cost price.

Mr. Clayton yesterday presided at the eighty-ninth annual meeting of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. During the past year nearly £4,000 was distributed among 194 applicants. The orphan fund assisted forty-seven children.

Cerebral trouble, duly certified medically, kept a plaintiff from Wandsworth County Court. Judge Russell said he supposed that if a man got up in the morning with a bad head he would be suffering from cerebral trouble. Doctors should be expertly explicit.

Presiding at the fourteenth annual general meeting of Harrod's Stores yesterday Sir Alfred Newton said they had escaped the depreciation that had affected other trading companies, and could show a largely-increased profit, amounting to £121,000.

FISH SUFFER FROM CANCER.

In fish cancerous sores are especially noticeable round the gills and mouth, which have the appearance of being eaten away.

Dr. Bashford, the superintendent of the "Cancer Research Fund," is in want of diseased live fish to experiment on.

A photograph of a cancerous trout is shown on page 8, and any angler catching such a fish should keep it alive, and send information to Mr. Adrian Lumley, 22, St. James's street, London, S.W.

"THE FLOWER OF THE WOOD." GIVE AWAY! A TWELVE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT containing the FIRST SIX CHAPTERS of this—PIERCE EGAN'S GREAT STORY. Send name and address on a postcard to LONDON, and get it sent to you, and return the card. When a copy will be sent post free by return.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

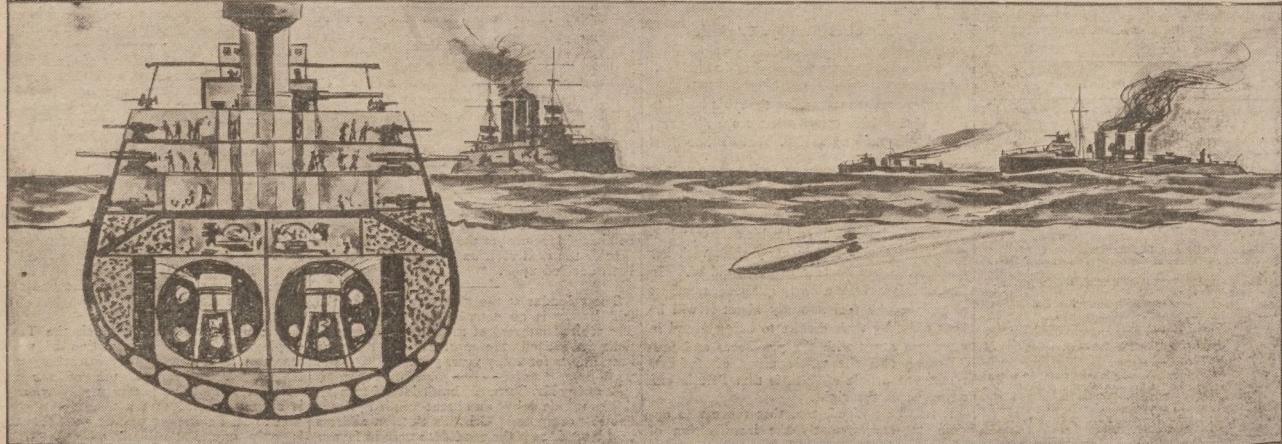
KOREANS FLEE FROM THE COSSACKS.



Julius M. Price

The Cossack troops, who are scouting, and incidentally raiding, through the north of Korea, have struck terror into the hearts of the non-combatants. At the cry of "The Cossacks are coming" the inhabitants of the towns and villages seek safety in instant flight, leaving their worldly goods to the mercy of the half-civilised troopers.

HOW THE DEADLY TORPEDO STRIKES HOME.



This picture shows the course of a torpedo. Once it has been discharged, it is propelled by compressed air, and is, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, kept at a fixed depth below the surface of the water. This is so arranged that it strikes an armour-clad vessel in its most vulnerable spot, the level of the engines.

FELINE SURGERY.

Exciting Operation on a Leopard that Declined an Anaesthetic.

Like the policeman's, the veterinary surgeon's lot is not always a happy one. He occasionally has moments of excitement which are unknown to gentlemen who confine their ministrations to the human race.

Recently, in Paris, Mlle. Morallie, "the Queen of Jaguars," was attacked by a savage brute named



MISS MABEL LOVE.
the charming Principal Girl in the Drury Lane pantomime, has written to say how she would take advantage of woman's leap-year privilege. See page 5.
[Photo]

Prince, but was saved by the intervention of Cora, a leopard, which defended her mistress and received a nasty wound in doing so.

As a result of this wound an operation became necessary, and after Cora, the wounded leopard, had been lassoed and drawn to the door of the cage, the veterinary surgeon, M. Dramard, and his assistants entered, and attempted to render her unconscious with ether.

Cora could not be persuaded to see things in the right light, and every now and then the surgeons



It has been discovered that fish, in common with human beings, suffer from cancer. What the angler should do with a trout like this if he catches one, is told on page 5.

retired hurriedly as the patient made a more than usually vicious snap.

Finally a rope was passed over her muzzle and the operation was proceeded with while at each cut of the scalpel the poor suffering brute struggled to escape.

After over an hour's hard work the operation was successful, the wound sewn up, and Cora once more an unfettered prisoner.

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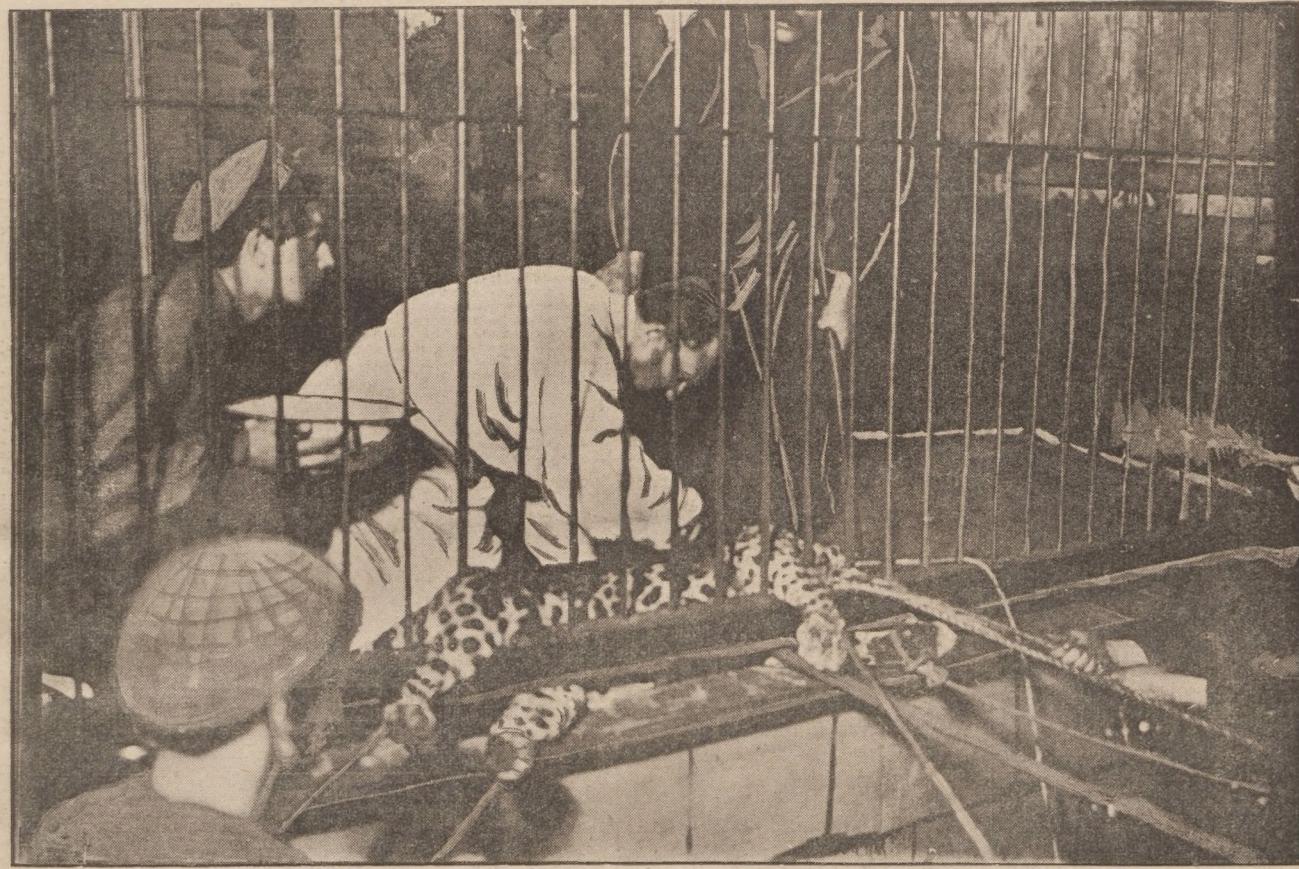
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LEOPARD UNDERGOES AN OPERATION IN PARIS.



It was recently found necessary to operate on a leopard in Paris. The animal had been wounded in its endeavours to protect its mistress, a tamer of wild beasts, named Mlle. Moralli, from the attack of another leopard. The wounds resulted in an abscess, which was removed by a veterinary surgeon and his assistants, who only entered the cage, however, after the animal had been lassoed and bound.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



There has been no wedding in Westminster Abbey for four years, but to-day Lady Grizel Cochrane, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Dundonald, is to be married to the Master of Belhaven in Henry VII's Chapel.
Photo] The bride and bridegroom are shown in this picture. See page 19. [Barnett & Arnold

ONE OF LONDON'S GREATEST FAVOURITES.



Miss Mary Moore, the charming actress who usually plays with Sir Charles Wyndham, recently finished a successful series of "flying" matines all over the kingdom in her original creation of Mrs. Gorring in "Mrs. Gorring's Necklace." She is now appearing at the New Theatre with Sir Charles Wyndham in "My Lady of Rosedale." [Ellis & Waterby

Our Fascinating New Serial Begins To-day.

AT A MAN'S MERCY.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

CHAPTER I. The Wings of Love.

The wind which swept over the Downs brought a breath of the sea with it, a breath which, for all its keen coldness, had a promise of life, that new life which, all unseen, was throbbing in the breast of the brown, naked earth and quivering in every fibre of the trees as they flung the unclothed beauty of their traceried madly hither and thither before it.

It stirred Arthur Stanton's blood strangely as he panted for a moment on the little eminence to which the road had risen gradually and stared out before him and the sky, primrose now—for the afternoon was drawing in to its death—and shot with jagged streaks of red, with here and there a rift in the primrose pall revealing a glimpse of blue, intense and hard.

The unexpected had happened; he found himself a victor on the brink of a conquered, yet unknown, territory. Limitless vistas of power stretched out before him and foreshadowed themselves in the one exquisite reality that at last, suddenly, almost unlooked for, he had the right to seek the woman whose image had been an exquisitely sweet torture to his heart for many weary months, seek her and ask her for herself.

And Cynthia, Graham's answer? The marvellous egoism of the lover was swallowed up momentarily by the coward, for your man in love is a strange compound of both. What if he had misread the message of her eyes—read in them what he wished to see? A panic seized him, and came cold on the white heat of his exultation.

His thoughts flew to the other man who had fluttered like a gorgeous emperor moth at the candle of her girlish beauty. What if Fabian Griswold with his millions had secured the prize before him? It was the common talk of the little town that Sir George Graham's only unmarried daughter was going to make the grandest match of the family.

There are some men who parade the virtue of the fact that they leave their children free will in all their actions, and yet rule by the despotism of black looks and cold disdain as effectually as by the iron hand. Sir George Graham was one of them. He had set his heart upon Fabian Griswold for a son-in-law, and his will once concentrated on a subject held on with a bulldog grip.

His intense desire for this marriage in face of his daughter's physical and spiritual antipathy to the man had its root in something much more subtle than the love of money; perhaps, even to himself, the essential essence of his ambition was not clear. It was born of a curious blending of jealousy and that paternal instinct which is sometimes—mistaken for love of offspring, and is in reality merely the pride of proprietorship. He wished the girl to make a better match than her sister Pauline, to form an environment which would ripen her budding beauty to a greater perfection, and by the consummation of these wishes he hoped to strike at the pride of John Woodruffe, Pauline's husband.

John Woodruffe ignored him. That was the truth. He had lent him money, propped up his tottering fortune—he invited him to his house, introduced him to the notabilities who thronged there; but mentally, spiritually, in all ways that matter, to John Woodruffe Sir George Graham was as though he were not, and he knew it.

And behind this waspish wish lay yet another hope. With the help of Fabian Griswold he could—. But he never allowed his thoughts to formulate further. Yet hatred was an ill plant to nourish, and one that flourishes in secret horribly.

But Arthur Stanton, rejoicing in the new-found power which was to be his, saw himself mentally the highest, and, therefore, the most successful bidder.

The wind, the magic whispering of the secretly working life around him, the quick pulse of his young blood—all these cried out—he owed it to the manhood that was in him, to Cynthia herself—to give her the eternal choice.

He whistled for his dog—it was far away on some foraging expedition, a white speck on the vast brownness of the fields that stretched fan-like to the horizon on the left. It heard his call and came bounding towards him, and as Arthur Stanton called he found himself face to face with Cynthia Graham.

She had been walking briskly, and the wind had kissed her cheeks to a delicate rose, and ruffled the softness of her hair, which seemed to him always like the aureole of some child saint; as he looked at her now the perfection of her desirability spread, radiating from her over the sky and the long bare road.

"I was thinking of you," he said, as he took her hand, "and you appear; my star is in the ascendant."

His eyes scrutinised her with a fierce passion. Until that moment he had not realised all that love for her meant, how wholly sweet she was. The pale delicacy of her face stood out against the clear softness of the shadowed sky, like the face of a fair Madonna in the picture of a Tuscan artist.

A little silence fell between them, it was born of the wind and the hush around them, but the girl was not conscious of it; the intensity of the man's look magnetised her; heart spoke to heart without speech or language.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said at last. She flashed a startled glance at him. "Going away?" The hand that rested on the gate trembled. "For long?" The question escaped her and sounded in her ears with a miserable ring of disappointment of which she was ashamed.

"It depends," he cut a tuft of grass in the roadway with his stick, "upon what inducement there is for me to return," was his reply.

Her eyes were fixed upon a clump of trees which stood, wind-tossed sentinels on a distant ridge. "I am afraid that means yes, doesn't it?" she asked; "poor Carberry is too dull to offer any inducements. Your friends will miss you."

She tried to speak indifferently and succeeded in being icy. Her voice implied that his absence would be a blessed relief, but the trees on the ridge before her were dancing—dancing in a mist.

"Carberry offers the greatest inducement in the world," he said, quickly, "an inducement in the pursuit of which makes men as kings—the unattainable."

"The unattainable?" she echoed.

Their eyes met and his meaning blazed in his. She blushed painfully, from brow to cheek, and paused. Shame covered her.

He stepped close to her and took her hands.

"Yes, the best thing that the world holds—yon!"

"Wait!" He caught her hands, his eyes were full of a strange gladness. "Sweetheart, did you think me coward enough to ask you to face poverty?" He sat down beside her on the step of the stile. "Listen, little one, the whole world has altered for me since yesterday; in a few weeks I shall be a rich man. Yesterday I was miserable, I heard your name and Fabian Griswold's coupled on every lip to-day. I don't care this blade of grass for him, because I can meet him on equal ground—ask your father's permission to marry you without fear of refusal."

She looked at him wonderingly. "I don't understand," she said.

"Darling, of course you don't. How can you—you don't know the wonderful truth yet. But wait, I can't tell you everything to-day, the secret is not wholly mine—but the only thing that matters after all is, that I will have the power to claim you."

His passionate eagerness almost frightened her. She caught at his arm with questioning fingers. "Won't you tell me?" she pleaded. "Don't let there be any secrets between us—now."

He laughed. "What a little daughter of Eve it is! You shall know in a week, dearest; perhaps sooner. When I come back from London."

He kissed her and looked into her eyes. His own flamed with the magic of the world's youth. The west was golden where the sun had died;

parted with Arthur Stanton that afternoon she had not been for ten minutes alone. She hardly heard the chatter of the man who sat beside her; she only knew that she was intensely bored.

She leaned back against the brocade of the chair. Her eyes, wandering up the room fell with a sense of satisfaction upon her sister Pauline, as she stood the centre of an animated little group of men.

The affection which existed between Mrs. Woodruffe and her sister was strangely strong; Pauline had been mother and sister in one, to Cynthia, for the birth of the younger child had been achieved at the cost of her mother's life—a cost Lady Graham had paid gladly enough. Her life had been a bitter one, perhaps God had heard the prayers she had sent up to Him in her anguish.

But there was a deeper bond still, the bond of a common secret. Five years before John Woodruffe had come into her life. Pauline had fallen under the fascination of a man named Miles Farmiloe. He was a distant connection, handsome, without heart or principle—the very dare-devil, dashing kind of creature to appeal to romantic and strangely innocent twenty-one. Almost as a master of course, Cynthia, then sixteen, was the confidante of this passion—sincere enough on Farmiloe's side; while it lasted, which was just long enough to lead to the stupendous folly of a secret marriage.

He urged and goaded the girl to it, against her wishes and fears and better judgment. They were married at a quiet little village on the south coast, where Pauline had taken Cynthia, ostensibly for the girl's health.

That was the apogee of the romance, every hour afterwards saw it nearer its death. Pauline could not be blind to Farmiloe's increasing coldness; her life for those weeks was a long succession of the shattering of life's most sacred ideals. When supreme pain came it was as a cauterising wound on the raw of her shamed heart.

He left her, brutally, callously, without a farewell beyond the letter in which he stated his utter boredom; and told her that as mercifully the world knew nothing of their folly he was content to forget it—to let it be as though it had never been. He intended to go on his own way, she was free to go to hers.

Two months later he left England for Mexico, on the voyage out "by the act of God" the ship went down with every soul on board. Pauline was indeed free.

Then John Woodruffe had come, and her bruised heart expanded again. They had been made for each other—for once the miracle happened, a soul seeking its mate through space had found it at last.

But there was no trace of the sorrow through which she had passed on Pauline's face, and to Cynthia, as she looked at her across the length of the drawing-room, the past receded like an evil dream. She saw Pauline's happiness enshrouded through her own, and wondered whether the news she would give her to-night would come as a surprise. Of Pauline's pleasure in her happiness she was certain. The girl's face lighted up in a smile which dazzled the enamoured curate; her thoughts dwelt tenderly on the little firelight scene when she would pour out in Pauline's ears the wonderful story of the afternoon.

* * * * *

Once alone Cynthia drew aside the curtains of her bedroom window and looked out into the night.

Her eyes were full of tender memories; over beyond the beech trees to the right lay King's Baton, old Dr. Stanton's house, and in that house—Arthur. She kissed her hand towards it with an angelic benediction and turned back into the room.

A gay little wood fire burned on the hearth, she drew a low chair near to it and sat down.

The fire whitened slowly to ashes, little fairy palaces rose magically in her heart, glorified splendidly, amber and scarlet, gold tinged with delicate purple, and as magically faded away, but the girl's thoughts were far from them. She sat, weeping happy dreams. Presently the sleep.

A little later, with a sudden start, Cynthia woke; she was cold, and a strange feeling that she was not alone with her mind and her senses were still held by her dreams. She sat up in the chair and looked round. At the other side of the hearth Pauline sat motionless, and for one brief second of terror she hardly knew that it was Pauline.

She was leaning forward, her elbows propped on her knees, her chin on her clasped hands, staring at the dead fire. The attitude, the poise of the head, the curve of the red mouth, were so dejected that Cynthia uttered a little cry, and at the sound Pauline turned to her.

"Awake. I hadn't the heart to disturb you—you looked so happy."

Cynthia saw that she had been weeping. She was on her knees by her side in an instant.

"Pauline! You've been crying. Is anything the matter—what has happened, darling?"

Pauline's hands tightened on hers convulsively.

"Yes, something has happened," she said hoarsely, "something so dreadful that I feel that I am going mad—God forgive me for telling you, Cynthia—but the world will soon know. Miles Farmiloe has returned."

"Miles Farmiloe! Return!" For a moment Cynthia's senses reeled; was it possible that the dead could rise? "What do you mean?" she heard herself asking as from a distance. "Miles Farmiloe has been dead for five years."

"Such men do not die," cried Pauline. "For five years he has tricked me, kept silence; and waited. Now that I am happy—now that I am married, he comes back again to ruin me."

"The ship—he was among the list of the dead—I cannot understand." Cynthia's voice quavered like the voice of a child lost in a mist. Before her eyes rose up clearly the day when Pauline's shaking finger had pointed out to her that name on the black list of death, which meant that God had had pity and freed her.

"He was not on it. He had left at the first port—some other fool had trusted him—he had been living on her money till she died or he killed her."

"He has come to me—for Hugh—money—came to ask me to buy his silence with the money of the man I have dishonoured." For the first time her



"God forgive me for telling you, Cynthia—but the world will soon know. Miles Farmiloe has returned."

"Ah, don't—don't," she hardly knew what she said in her confusion. "I—"

His grasp on her fluttering hands tightened. "Cynthia—you love me—I know you love me. The unattainable can make a free gift. What I dared you can give—Cynthia."

Her head was still averted, for she was hot with the glow of her womanly shame and fear. She saw love ripe for her grasp and was afraid to touch it.

"Cynthia—before it is too late," he pleaded.

Cynthia, look at me."

Her eyes, sapphire blue with the softness of a summer's night, met his at last. Her heart seemed beating in her throat, her voice came like a sigh.

"Is it possible to give the same gift twice?" she faltered.

"My Cynthia." He caught her in his arms.

The excited barking of Jinks, the wire-haired terrier, brought them back to solid earth again. They looked at each other, and Cynthia laughed—that she might not cry.

"To all intents and purposes," she said, apparently to the sky, "I proposed to you!"

"Of course—it is Leap Year," he admitted indugently.

"Oh!" She turned upon him indignantly.

A week ago you seemed as far off as heaven, Cynthia," he told her; "to-day—"

Her eyes clouded, the words had brought grim reality treading on the heels of romance.

"Arthur, what will my father say?"

"What can he say?" His voice had a ring of triumph in it.

She looked away. "Only—only—it's hateful, absolutely hateful, but you will understand.

I suppose fathers will be fathers—" she laughed pell-mell and looked at him again with anxious timidity in her eyes.

I have no money, and you are not rich. But we can wait, darling."

She held out her hands to him with a pretty gesture of appeal.

to the man and the woman the glow spread on, pervading the whole world. They moved slowly, their hearts dancing to the piping of Pau's flute; and the dull roadway was as a path of Heaven beneath their feet.

* * * * *

CHAPTER II. The Sisters.

* * * * *

The long drawing-room at Langton's End was gradually emptying, the reception which Sir George Graham had given in honour of his daughter Pauline—Mrs. John Woodruffe—was nearly over. It had been very gorgeous, as befitted an entertainment in honour of the wife of a distinguished artist who returns to her father's house for the first time after her marriage; and extremely dull, as was perhaps inevitable in a small place like Carberry, where the majority of the country folk are too poor to perform the annual pilgrimage to town, and whose minds as a consequence shrink in proportion to their income.

The scene, however, was eminently pleasant; the drawing-room itself being charming. A stately and panelled room, with much exquisite eighteenth century furniture, mellowed and hallowed to an exquisite tenderness of tone by time.

To-night the air was fragrant with the scent of flowers and vibrant with the hum of voices; in the inner drawing-room a girl was singing something sweet and dainty in a voice which was fresh and dainty, too.

The sound refreshed Cynthia's jaded nerves; she was mentally and physically tired. Since she had

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Author of "The Bishop's Wife," etc.

voice broke; it ravelled off into a sob. She hid her face on Cynthia's breast.

"Oh, if I might have died before I brought this shame to John," she cried bitterly.

John Woodruffe's name brought realisation of the terrible situation home to Cynthia for the first time. If Miles Farmiloe were not dead, then Pauline's marriage with John was no marriage at all—and Pauline's child was the nameless son of a dishonoured mother!

The thought pierced her like a sword. She fled out in the extremity of her grief that God was cruel, that such things should not be, and clasped her sister closer, and swayed with her in her sorrow.

"How do you know?" she cried at last. "How do you hear?"

"This afternoon—he came to the window while I was sitting writing—the old window. It was like dying to see him—to-night while I have smiled and laughed I have died a hundred times."

"He shall never drag you back to misery," Cynthia cried, protectively; "you shall never go under his brutal tyranny again."

"Cynthia, Cynthia, he does not wish me to go back. You don't understand—it's worse than you could dream—infinitely worse than anything I have ever thought. Had it been that I thought him dead and married in ignorance—God knows that would have been shame enough. But to-day he has stripped everything from me—everything—

everything. I am a creature of shame—an outcast. Cynthia, he tells me that I was never his wife, that the marriage was a trick, a sop for my innocence, and that the man who called God's blessing over us was a drunken reprobate who sold my soul for a ten-pound note. An unfrocked priest—"

"Her voice failed her. "My God, that such things should be!"

"Never his wife," Cynthia repeated at last. Her thoughts had led her back to their starting place.

"If you were not his wife, Pauline, thank God your marriage with John is perfectly valid. Oh, thank God—think of your child!"

Mrs. Woodruffe uttered a cry of pain.

"Yes, I am still John's wife," she cried in anguish, "and what a wife! Do you think that he will ever touch me—look at me again when he hears the truth?"

"He must never hear the truth," cried Cynthia. "For his own sake—for the sake of the child, Pauline, you must never speak!"

"Speak!" Mrs. Woodruffe laughed hysterically.

"It is so likely that I would speak, isn't it?" she cried. "Could any woman be happy as I have been?—act as her own executioner. Oh, it's too awful—but Miles will speak. That is what has brought me back to England, he says—the desire for blackmail. He came as a vulture, but there is no corpse. I have no money!"

Cynthia gave a cry of relief. "Is it only money he wants?" she said. "We can buy his silence, then, Pauline, there are your jewels, and everything that I have is yours!"

"My jewels are John's," the other woman replied with a singular change of tone. "He knows everything I possess off by heart. If I leave off a branch he asks for it; if I forget to put on a ring he asks if the stones are loose. I suppose he likes to see me hung out with the things he buys—it's the savage in him working to the surface. But he's so queer, Cynthia, I never have a penny—some men are like that. He is generosity itself—he never grumbles at a bill; but I seldom have any money—I haven't forty pounds in the bank to-night. Miles Farmiloe's price is eight hundred pounds!"

There was a silence in the room. He wanted a cheque for half the amount tomorrow. I—I"—she flushed a dull red as she spoke—"I managed to gain a fortnight's grace from him. But he was brutal, Cynthia; angry and brutal."

CHAPTER III.—Death the Jester.

The long night passed. Worn beyond human endurance Pauline slept, as men have slept upon the rack. She lay in Cynthia's arms, and the callous eyes of the dawn crept over the havoc the night had made of her beauty.

To Cynthia the thought came that she was like the last survivor of a wreck, waiting and praying in the waste of waters for the dawn to bring sign of land. She had one hope, faint, hedged round with difficulties and unpleasantness, that if she went to her Uncle Oswald Drummond, and told

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him the truth, he might help for the sake of the family name.

The girl had to fight a hard fight to gain Pauline's consent to tell the story. To lay open her shame to this barb-tongued man was like laying open a wound that salt might be rubbed in by an unfriendly hand; but she had prevailed at last.

Eight hours later Cynthia and Pauline were in London.

Cynthia found her uncle more kind than she could have conceived. He fumed and stormed, that was to be expected, but he promised to give the money, and more—to conduct the negotiations with Miles Farmiloe.

Cynthia's shoulders quivered with the ghost of a shudder.

"When one comes to live real life," she cried disdainfully, "one leaves proverbs at home—in their copy-books."

"You will find there is some truth in proverbs, my dear," he told her pre-emptively. "I've seen more of the world than you have, and I am a firm believer in the necessity of some lubrication for the wheels of existence. However, marry your Arthur—but I hope you won't regret Griswold; he's a very good friend of mine. I can't understand your father making such a definite statement; the truth of the matter is that I had already been preparing your wedding present. I was going over them only this afternoon with the man from the jeweller's. I'd like to show them to you—though, of course, they would be quite unsuitable for you now."

He walked across the room and drew aside a

The voice of a woman in love is full of music, it is Love's harp, from which he draws a hundred harpies. Cynthia's story was a charming recital. But Oswald Drummond merely laughed at it.

"That's very pretty," he said, poking the fire.

"but there's a somewhat sordid proverb which meets your case exactly. You remember it—all

about love and poverty, and their various entrances and exits?"

Cynthia's shoulders quivered with the ghost of a shudder.

"When one comes to live real life," she cried

dismally, "one leaves proverbs at home—in their copy-books."

"You will find there is some truth in proverbs, my dear," he told her pre-emptively. "I've seen more of the world than you have, and I am a firm believer in the necessity of some lubrication for the wheels of existence. However, marry your Arthur—but I hope you won't regret Griswold; he's a very good friend of mine. I can't understand your father making such a definite statement; the truth of the matter is that I had already been preparing your wedding present. I was going over them only this afternoon with the man from the jeweller's. I'd like to show them to you—though, of course, they would be quite unsuitable for you now."

He walked across the room and drew aside a

Miss Meta Simmins has never written a more enthralling Story.

with the spasmodic movement of fear, she caught at the curtain and drew it a little aside.

A little cry of horror sprang to her lips, the curtain dropped from her hand as though its touch had burnt her. Some terrible force seemed to have her by the throat, her brain was bursting.

The rigid figure which stood black against the ivory window was Arthur Stanton.

For one instant fear laid its paralysing hand upon her; she neither moved nor spoke, her brain was numb.

What was he doing there? "What do you want?" she cried, faintly.

At that moment the room was plunged in darkness. The electric light had been switched off. The effect was terrifying—horrible. It sapped the strength of Cynthia's nerves. She hesitated for an instant before she answered her uncle's cry of alarm.

"There's a man in the room—hidden behind the curtain."

"The jewels—the living emerald," cried Oswald Drummond. Although he had risen to his feet at the cry of warning, his assailant was quicker; with a panther-like bound he sprang up... him. There was the sound of a scuffle and a fall; her uncle's cry, "Save the emerald!" seemed strangled in his throat.

Screaming for help, Cynthia stumbled through the darkness to the door. The geography of the room was unfamiliar to her, but she reached it at last, and fled down the long corridor, calling as she went.

It seemed like an eternity before she reached the butler and gave the alarm; in reality, barely three minutes had elapsed from her and several servants were back in the library.

The room was no longer in darkness, the lights were again turned on, but it was empty and the heavy window curtains were swaying in a strong draught.

"Uncle Oswald," cried Cynthia. There was no answer to her cry, nor to its successor charged with fear and sharpness. She turned to the butler.

"Where is Mr. Drummond?" she asked.

The man had made a dash for the window; he fell back with a stifled cry as he drew aside the curtains.

"My God—murder," he cried, and dropped on his knees on the floor.

Cynthia ran forward. On the polished space of floor behind the curtain, between the room and the window, lay Oswald Drummond face downward. She stared at him for a moment, bereft of speech or thought, then something seemed to snap within her; pain, a very flood of anguish swept over her. With a loud, harsh cry of "Arthur!" she swayed and fell across her uncle's body.

To be continued

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Her first impression deepened—it was no shadow—it was a man.

yourself presentable. When you've stopped crying I'll see you at dinner."

He banged the door and was gone, and Cynthia wept her full. Her tears touched every sorrow she had ever known, Pauline's first disillusioning trip in a saloon left her in a moment of silent plight.

But the dinner, which was excellent, the incident of the tears was not alluded to, nor for the matter of that family affairs at all, for which

the blessings Cynthia was duly grateful.

Cynthia exerted herself to entertain, and looked charming, a circumstance which Mr. Drummond appreciated; he was a man who liked women to dress and look well—at some other man's expense.

"We'll take coffee in the library, I think," he said, as he rose, "I want to have a little talk with you."

Cynthia shivered mentally; she knew these little talks, they usually preluded something unpleasant—were the forerunner of some unpalatable request.

Her prescience was not mistaken. The conversation opened with a dangerous subject.

Mr. Drummond ended a reflective scrutiny of her with the remarks :

"You're a pretty girl, Cynthia. When are you going to get married?"

"Married?" She blushed slightly. "Well, really, I haven't thought much about it."

"Umph! Your father tells me differently. You have brought down high-flying game, it appears. The great Fabian Griswold: That's something like a marriage."

"I wouldn't marry Mr. Griswold were he the last man on earth," she cried, impetuously.

Then she slipped from her seat and went up to him. "Uncle—I've something to tell you." She touched his hand with soft, tentative fingers.

"Come and sit down, let me tell you my secret."

He looked down and tilted her chin with his finger. "I know it already, and it is folly," he said.

But he went back to the fire with her, and his eyes beneath their thick brows had an imp of laughter lurking in their brownness.

curtain, revealing a safe let into the wall. "Clear those things off the table, please," he said over his shoulder.

"See here!" he cried, returning to the table, "could your Arthur give you anything like these?"

With a theatrical gesture he tilted up the shades of the pendant s, and drew the chamois leather covering from the thing he carried.

The full, white glare of the electric light fell on a blaze of jewels which lay in strange profusion on a bevelled tray of white velvet.

Cynthia uttered a little cry of admiration and delight.

"They are very magnificent, very beautiful," he cried; "but I would not give up Arthur, or Pauline, or anyone I love, for all of them—for all the jewels the world has ever known."

He placed the glittering thing on her soft brown hair. "Magnificent," he cried. His tone was half mocking. "Come and look at yourself."

She shrank back, but he caught at her arm, "Go and look at yourself," he commanded; "there is a mirror there, between the windows."

She obeyed with a strange sense of distaste, the face that looked back at her from the glass seemed hardly her own, there was a glitter in her eyes, and a bright, fierce spot glowed in each cheek. She turned from the glass with a little shudder, and the gemmed thing in her hair, insecurely fastened, fell to the ground.

With a sound of alarm she stooped to rescue it; it had rolled to the very edge of the heavy curtains which shrouded the bay window. Her arm brushed against one of them, it swayed open and fell again, leaving her with an impression of white blinds round which a whiter edge of moonlight crept, and something more—a shadow which rested rigid, dark, and menacing, against the ivory woodwork of the embrasure.

A shadow! Her first impression deepened—it had no shadow—it was a man. A man! What was a man doing there? Almost involuntarily,

THE WOMAN WAGE EARNER AND HER BEAUTY.

WHAT TO DO.

COMMONSENSE METHODS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF PRETTINESS.

Some wealthy women spend hundreds of pounds a year in the quest for beauty. Those who cannot afford even pence for pounds, manage to achieve and keep their good looks, simply by pursuing sound commonsense methods towards the end they have in view.

There are hundreds of girls who utter a chronic wail that they have no time to worry over their appearance. They are the girls who, in course of time, make sour-tempered women. But the ones who remember the fact that it is only the busiest persons who find time for everything, take a little pains here and a morsel of trouble there, and emerge from their daily quest after prettiness quite victorious.

Homely Emollients.

If your work should be in an office where poor soap is provided, buy a cake for yourself of some good kind, not highly scented, but hygienic and pure. Keep a nice soft towel for your special use and, if your hands are so tender that the skin chaps easily, a tube of emollient cream.

Should you use ink much and be careless with it, provide yourself with a lemon, some lemon juice, or a piece of pumice stone, and remove the stains

from the black-board and make the face parched and dry.

The woman who leads a busy life should cultivate the close acquaintance of her sofa when she can, and should not stand at her work any more than is necessary. It is useless to tell the shop-girl not to stand. Her duty requires that she be on her feet the most of the day, and her only salvation is to get off them as soon as she reaches home. She should then put on a negligée, make for the couch or bed, and take a long rest. Lying flat on the back without even a pillow is an excellent way to rest.

If the small of the back persists in aching and there is a feeling of heaviness about the hips, devote five minutes at least twice a day to what a doctor calls the "knee-chest position." Get right down on the floor on your knees. See that the line from knee to hip is perpendicular. Then force your chest to touch the floor. This is no easy matter, but practice will accomplish it. Kneel in this position as long as you can do so without discomfort.

The woman who works at a desk or a typewriter must fight against round shoulders. The typewriter particularly tempts them. She should sit erect at her machine in order to ward off round shoulders, for they are hard to cure, and in order to do so rest the back square and flat against the chair when possible, and in the omnibus and train. Also stand flat against the wall now and then so as to feel the wall with the shoulder-blades.

Eat Well and Rest Often.

Diet is disregarded by the woman wage-earner more often than by the man. The inner man is seldom neglected, but the inner woman suffers many a time and needlessly. Poor lunches are poor economy. Make a point of having at least one hot article on your menu, and pin your faith to hot milk, which is a glorious pick-me-up for all who can take it.

If your work in the office or schoolroom is tiring your eyes stop work and close them a little while. Five minutes' rest will do wonders for them. If the lids are becoming red and irritated use a solution of boracic acid and water in the proportion of a teaspoonful of boracic acid to a pint of water. Should this not stop the trouble see an oculist before the matter goes any farther.

Don't stay away from him in the fear that he will put you into glasses. Plenty of women ruin their eyes on account of foolish vanity. Glasses are not the only remedy for eye trouble—perhaps your case will not require them at all. Or perhaps a brief wearing of them in the beginning of the trouble will obviate your being a slave to them later on.

A cup of hot

milk is at

once a pick-

me-up and

a complexion

beautifier

of the utmost

value.



The girl typist who sits straight and upright does not tire quickly.

as they occur. Ink stains left day after day are hard to rout, but they are quite amenable to quick treatment. An orange wood-stick sharpened bluntly, or even a match-end, will prove efficacious in cleaning the nails, and incidentally may prevent an illness, for it is a well-known fact that the germs of disease lurk inside the nails, and if not banished may attack the system.

A special amount of care should be taken by the school teacher, in order that the freshness of her beauty be kept intact. Do remember that the drawn and wrinkled countenance of the school mat'am of five-and-thirty, pathetic though it may be in its aspect of patience and resignation, is not pretty. Cultivate a cheerful temperament, avoid the easily acquired habit of constantly scolding and pain your fair to a pat of good cold cream, rubbed into the skin with a rotary and upward movement, or a bottle of almond oil, applied without fail every night, to counteract the effect of indoor work and that of the grains of chalk that fly



Those who teach should cultivate a happy expression of countenance and a sense of humour.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

By ERNEST BERGHOLT.

* * *

OUR MINIATURE TOURNAMENT.

We have received a number of letters asking that a proportion of marks, according to merit, may be allowed for plays which differ in one or two respects from the published play of Coupon A. All these letters are being carefully considered. It must not be for a moment imagined that, to win a prize, it is necessary to secure full marks on every coupon. B. W. G. very shrewdly remarks: "I fancy that few will get all four coupons correct, so that even though the first may not get me full marks, I may still hope to be in the running."

A frequent point of divergence from the model play published is the play of ♦ Q instead of ♦ A at Trick 1. The play here depends on a balancing of probabilities.

In comparing the chances, it has to be assumed (as we intimated in giving the play) that the hearts lie four and four; otherwise there is no risk either way, as the ace of hearts could be held up until the third round. Hence, J. N. W. (Bridgnorth), who asks "How can Z know that B holds ♣ Q, ♠ J to five hearts?" does not quite appreciate the point;

as is further apparent when he says: "If ♦ K is in A's hand, AB are pretty sure to save the game, however N/Z play." The whole object of playing ♦ A at Trick 1 is to provide for A's having ♦ K, fewer than four in suit; because that card can then be taken away, while Y still holds command of hearts.

There are some positions, however, in which the play of ♦ Q would win the game, whereas ♦ A would not necessarily do so. We have therefore decided to allow full marks to those who have adopted this plan, provided that the rest of the hand be well played. In this case, as shown in the next column, YZ will win 11 tricks instead of 10. (These hands not being double-dummy, the increased gain does not prove that they have played better.)

♥ ♦ ♣ ♠

In Coupon B, we shall also allow an alternative play at Trick 2, as shown to-day. Although many good players will never declare spades at all, Y, having read the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, may assume that A cannot have passed without some high card. It being in any case necessary to suppose Z with the guarded king of diamonds, that high card would be the king of hearts. Hence Y may decide to continue spades at once, hoping that ♦ K will be unable to get rid of his losing spades, when YZ save the game.

WEEKLY COMPETITION 9.—COUPON A. ALTERNATIVE PLAY.

Trick.	A	Y	B	Z
1.	♦ 7	♦ Q	♦ 6	♦ 3
2.	♦ 3	♦ Q	♦ K	♦ 2
3.	♦ 4	♦ A	♦ K	♦ 7
4.	♦ 2	♦ A	♦ 6	♦ 3
5.	♦ 4	♦ K	♦ 8	♦ 7
6.	♦ 5	♦ 1	♦ 5	♦ 4
7.	♦ 9	♦ 10	♦ 9	♦ A

Tricks 8 to 13—YZ win two more clubs, two diamonds, and the ace of spades. AB win one more trick.

Result: AB, 2 tricks; YZ, 11 tricks.

Score (below the line): AB, 100; YZ, 60 and game.

Comments:

Trick 1.—If Y tries the finesse on the assumption that A may hold ♦ K with three others of the suit, when the finesse is the best chance of game, he will find it to succeed.

Trick 2.—There is no hurry to lead out ♦ A and ♦ K, so giving unnecessary information. Having secured two certain tricks in spades, Z can now allow ♦ K to win, playing for four tricks in the suit, without any risk of losing the game.

Trick 3.—There is no objection in holding up ♦ A.

Tricks 4, 5, 6.—May, of course, be played in any order.

WEEKLY COMPETITION 9.—COUPON B. ALTERNATIVE PLAY.

Trick.	A	Y	B	Z
1.	♦ 2	♦ 5	♦ 3	♦ 3
2.	♦ 3	♦ 2	♦ 2	♦ 3
3.	♦ 6	♦ 2	♦ 2	♦ 3
4.	♦ 9	♦ 3	♦ K	♦ 4
5.	♦ 10	♦ 3	♦ A	♦ 3
6.	♦ K	♦ 6	♦ 7	♦ 3
7.	♦ 1	♦ 6	♦ 8	♦ 7
8.	♦ 10	♦ 6	♦ 9	♦ K

Tricks 9 to 13—B makes three more tricks; Y makes 8 Spades.

Result: AB, 9 tricks; YZ, 4 tricks.

Comments:

Trick 2.—See the remarks *supta.* Y considers it possible that Z should hold ♦ K.

Trick 3.—In similar reasoning, Z is convinced that he cannot hold both King and Queen of Hearts, and plays to put the lead in Dummy's hand, hoping that the dealer may not have four Clubs.

Trick 4.—A, knowing the Spades are all on his left, takes over ♦ QJ, to make his Club and lead the Diamonds through X.

FORTUNE FAVOURS THE RICH.



The bank at Monte Carlo has been broken again. This time fortune has favoured Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the retired president of the United States Steel Trust, who was formerly in receipt of the largest salary ever paid to an employee. The season at Monte Carlo is just beginning, and by Easter "all the world and his wife" will be either at or near the tables.

MILLIONAIRE BREAKS THE BANK.

Mr. Schwab, Who Rose from Grocer's Boy to Steel Magnate, Creates a Sensation at the Gaming Tables.

Most entralling is the contest in progress at Monte Carlo. A giant of finance has entered the arena and engaged in a grim fight with the bankers. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the grocer's boy who in less than twenty years became president of the Billion Dollar Steel Trust, is playing daily for the maximum stakes. Lesser gamesters stand by and

Young Schwab asked the customer to find him work in the factory.

In six months Charles Schwab was driving stakes for the company for a dollar a day. In six months more—it reads like a fairy-tale—he had shown such remarkable ability that when Captain Jones was promoted young Schwab was chosen to be his as superintendent.

After six years' work and success at Braddock he was offered, when twenty-five, the position of superintendent of the Carnegie Homestead Works, the biggest establishment under the control of the company. In 1892, when he was thirty years old, Charles M. Schwab was appointed sole manager.

In 1896 he was elected a member of the Board of Managers, and in 1897 he became president. In 1900 he was elected president of the old Carnegie Company, which was practically becoming the business head of the whole of the Carnegie enterprises. For this he received about £200,000 a year! Then, when Mr. Pierpont Morgan organised the Steel Trust Mr. Schwab, as all the world knows, was made president.

Out of the Steel Business.

Last year his conduct as president and financier was severely called into question, and he resigned.

This man who was a penniless grocer's boy is now, at the age of forty-two, the owner of a huge fortune and three palatial homes. He has been presented to our King by Sir Thomas Lipton, and he was presented to the Emperor of Austria at that monarch's personal request.

In a recent interview he stated that he was suffering from nervousness and nervous breakdown, and was going to take a rest. For a man suffering from nervous breakdown it hardly seems wise to enter into a nerve-trying duel with the bank at Monte Carlo. But Mr. Schwab's commercial life has been lived at such a desperate pace that for him even breaking the bank at Monte Carlo may seem comparatively slow.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.

One of the Rare Occasions When the Wedding Service is Read in Westminster Abbey.

Since the wedding, over four years ago, of Lady Katharine Scott to Major Brand, of the 10th Hussars, celebrated nine days after that of Lord Crewe to Lady Peggy Primrose, there has been a wedding in Westminster Abbey.

To-day the marriage of Lady Grizel Cochrane, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Dundonald, to the Master of Bellhaven takes place in Henry VII.'s chapel inside this historic building.

The bride, dark and dainty in appearance, will wear a simple white and silver dress, and her long train will be carried by Lord Uffington, the son of Lord and Lady Craven, who is taking the place vacated by Master Maynard Greville, as principal page at smart society weddings.

There are to be fourteen bridesmaids, all simply dressed in white. They are Lady Jean and Lady Marjorie Cochrane, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, Lady Doris Blackwood, Lady Eileen Knox, Lady Winifred Gore, Miss Gwyneth Ponsonby, Miss Henrietta O'Neill, Miss Alexandra Vivian, Miss

Louisa Cochrane, Miss Troubridge, Miss Lister, Miss Enid Assheton-Smith, and Miss Violet Harford.

They will not meet the bride at the church door, but inside the Abbey, a few steps from the entrance to the chapel.

There will be no reception after the ceremony, but a few of the nearest relations of the bride and bridegroom will go back to Portman-square to speed the happy couple on their way to the Riviera.

(We publish portraits of the bride and bridegroom on Page 9.)

THE "ORCHID" WEDDING DANCE.

The clever picture we published yesterday of the wedding dance in "The Orchid," at the Gaiety Theatre, was specially taken for the "Play-Pictorial." The photograph is particularly interesting as it has caught one of the brightest movements in the dance. Each month the "Play-Pictorial" publishes a collection of specially taken photographs illustrating some play which has been recently produced, and so furnishes lovers of the drama with permanent and complete records of stage doings.

"OUR AMATEUR THEATRICALS."



Agitated voice of the villain from the wings, as the heroine prepares to swoon gracefully away: "Look out, Lizzie, mind you fall the right side of the curtain!"

MR. CHARLES M. SCHWAB,
the retired president of the United States Steel
Trust, has broken the bank at Monte Carlo.

breathlessly watch his coups, some of them following his luck and backing the numbers he selects. "He who breaks the bank to-day will be broken by the bank to-morrow" was a favourite saying of M. Blane, the founder of the Monte Carlo Casino. But Mr. Schwab has proved that that is not literally true, for in 1902 he is credited with having broken the bank more than once. Now he has broken the bank again, and if the bank is going to return the compliment it will have a rich haul, for Mr. Charles M. Schwab is a man who will take a good deal of breaking.

The little story of this extraordinary man, who is now gambling so heavily, forms one of the most striking romances of commerce. Born in 1852 on a little farm in Pennsylvania; the country boy had an ordinary country schooling.

When seventeen he took a situation in a small grocery store at ten shillings a week. One day there came into that store Captain Jones, one of Mr. Carnegie's superintendents.

WOOLWICH TOO WARM FOR BURNLEY.

Woolwich Arsenal Defeated Burnley at Plumstead, and Now Occupy Second Position in the Football League (Division II.) Table.

JOHN PORTER'S BIRTHDAY.

The Popular Kingsclere Trainer and His Bets.

John Porter, the popular trainer, who prepared Blue Gown, Shotover, St. Blaise, Ormonde, Geheimnis, Isomony, La Fleche, Orme, Sainfoin, Common, and Flying Fox, will attain his sixtieth birthday to-morrow. He bought Perdita II. for his Majesty the King, and thus laid the fortunes of the Sandringham stud, for she is the dam of Florizel II., Persimmon, and Diamond Jubilee.

John Porter does not often back his own representatives. On one occasion he said: "I do not suppose that anyone so intimately connected with the Turf as I have been for the last forty years has had so little to do with betting as I. Only twice have I ventured to have £100 on a race. I took Colonel Paget 10,000 to 100 Orme for the Derby, and on another occasion I stood 100 with Lord Alington on Matchbox for the Leger. I was in an awful funk about the 100, and tried to save it by laying 100 to 100, and when Throstle swooped down upon the pair and won easily, I nearly fell off the stand. This was the beginning and the end of my plunging."

Keep a look-out for Ether, a beautiful daughter of Ayrshire and Lady Alwynne, who realised 1,800 guineas at the Doncaster sales, and is a half sister to Ails and Graces, whom the Duke of Portland sold; and Mr. W. T. Jones, the Australian sportsman, bought, to subsequently win the Oaks. When seen in public for the first time Ether ought to be backed either way.

When the hurdle jumper Slipthrift first came to England, in company with the Derby candidate, Acefull, he was honoured at Heath House, Newmarket, by being stabled in the same box as had been previously occupied by St. Simon. What a contrast!

S.P. Com. and Esprit de Corps.

Last week horses concerning whose chances S.P. commissioners heard as much as, if not more than, fielders in the ring were: Pride of Brée, Rauof, The Hawk, Comfit, Trelaway, and Innismacasant.

A real live institution is the popular North London Commission Agents' Protection Association. It has already between seventy and eighty paying members, and its principal officers are: Messrs. Harry Hall (Middlebrough, Holland), W. Talbot, E. Davey, and W. Dick (hon. sec.). There are no paid officials, and all cheques must be signed by three officers. In view of the fast-approaching general election, wobbling M.P.'s may make a note of societies of this type.

The severe weather seems certain to stop racing at Ludlow, and no doubt Portsmouth will be compelled to follow suit. Had there been sport at the former battle-ground, that popular horseman, Percy Woodland, would have been on the backs of Wolf's Folly, Wepener, and Claribel. Which suggests that these horses may pay their ways when next seen in public.

I hear that Schnapps, who has been supported for the Lincoln Handicap, is for sale. Nobody has yet made a sufficiently good offer for Bobbie; and Zampa comes in the same category.

The wrestling match between Lauritz Nielsen and Peter Bannon, at the Royal Music Hall, yesterday afternoon, was chiefly noteworthy in its tedium. Bannon enjoyed the advantage in most respects, but, whatever his capacities in the Lancashire style, he seems most undecided when on the mat before a music-hall audience. When the majority of the people in the "spectatorium" have backed your opponent, this may be excusable; but, yesterday, even the master of the ceremonies felt tired, turned up his coat-collar, and yawned.

Feat of Strength.

Wrestling matches of this type are most profitable to stocking weavers. Bannon worked so hard with his feet that he wore the sole of his stocking before getting halfway through the first round, in which respect he surpassed Nielsen, who only drove a hole through the ankle. But the Dane made amends for this in the second bout, during the progress of which his toes came through the left stocking. This could not have helped him greatly, as the bare feet are much more slippery than wool or worsted.

Nielsen lost, but was after all the hero of the afternoon's proceedings, as his opponent enjoyed much superiority in the matter of weight and power. The public are, I fancy, getting very callous when confronted with a series of champions who beat one another, and the defeated men still claim to be champions in style or weight. Yesterday's match was quite genuine, and Nielsen, who wrestles more for the love of sport than for professional gain, found a deal of the stake money out of his own purse.

The desire to befriend Uninsured for the Lincoln Handicap recalls the fact that this son of Laveno was last season a tip for the Cambridgeshire, won by his stable companion, Hackler's Pride.

Ypsilon, also in Fallon's stable, last year finished third in the big race on the Carholme.

Kiora, an animal in some request for the Grand National, is expected to run at Sandown Park this week—weather permitting.

THE ARROW.

Run Tuesday, March 22, Distance, one mile.

100 — 9 — 9 a.m. Barrette, 3 yrs., 8st 1lb (t and w) ... W. Fanson

100 — 8 — Cossack, Grys., 8st 6lb (t and w) ... Mr. W. Fanson

100 — 7 — Uninsured, 4 yrs., 7st 10lb (t and w) ...

100 — 6 — Coriolan, 4 yrs., 6st 6lb (t and w) ... F. Leach

100 — 5 — Marston, 3 yrs., 6st 7lb (t and w) ... Badger, jun.

100 — 4 — Amant, 3 yrs., 6st 6lb (t and w) ... R. J. Sherrard

100 — 3 — Speculator, 3 yrs., 6st 6lb (t and w) ...

100 — 2 — Portocilla, 4 yrs., 7st 6lb (t and w) ... Mr. F. Lamton

100 — 1 — Pan Michael, 4 yrs., 7st 2lb (t and w) ... Badger, jun.

100 — 1 — Switchcap, 4 yrs., 7st 7lb (t and w) ... Mr. Garry

100 — 1 — Dunbarion Castle, 4 yrs., 6st 5lb (t and w) ...

100 — 3 — Bubry, 4 yrs., 6st 12lb (t and w) ... Hallieck

GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.

Run at Liverpool, Friday, March 25, Distance, about four miles and 866 yards.

100 — 1 — 1 a.m. Devil, 5 yrs., 10st 7lb (t and w) ... Privately

100 — 1 — Ambrose, 5 yrs., 10st 6lb (t and w) ... Mr. McNally

100 — 9 — May King, 5 yrs., 10st 6lb (t and w) ... Clements

100 — 8 — Druncroft, 10 yrs., 12st 7lb (t and w) ...

100 — 6 — Inquisitor, 9 yrs., 10st 11lb (t and w) ... Major Coventry

100 — 1 — Kiora, 9 yrs., 10st 3lb (t and w) ... Mr. C. Nugent

100 — 1 — Biology, 7 yrs., 10st 1lb (t and w) ... Mr. Batho

50 — 1 — Deer-oakagh, 10 yrs., 10st 8lb (t and w) ... C. Waller

THE DERBY.

Run Wednesday, June 1, Distance, one mile and half.

11 to 2 a.m. Henry the First (t and w) ... Mr. Fenton

100 — 1 — Cleomell (t and w) ... Mr. Fenton

100 — 6 — Fiances (t and w) ... Mr. Chandler

100 — 6 — Amant and Henry the First coupled (t and w) ...

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FIGHTING FIRE AND SEA.

Terrible Predicament of a Burning Steamer.

Captain Cousins, of the ss. Queen, has just been presented with a testimonial, signed by his 200 passengers, as a memento of the courage and skill with which he brought his ship from San Francisco to Seattle, British Columbia, in spite of an outbreak of fire on board, by which fourteen precious lives were lost.

The Queen arrived at Seattle on Sunday. At four o'clock on Saturday morning the passengers had been aroused by the cry of "Fire!" Captain Cousins, seizing the situation, had immediately put the women and children in the ship's lifeboats, under the charge of a few of the crew, while the rest, with the aid of the male passengers, remained behind to grapple with the rapidly spreading flames.

For four hours the men toiled, fighting the fire and driving it back to the forecastle whence it had sprung, no one quite knew how.

By eight o'clock the ship was safe, and the boats containing the women and children were then recalled.

A heavy sea was running at the time, and in nearing the steamer one of the boats capsized. Ten of the women and children in it were drowned. And, further, when the flames were extinguished, it was found that four of the crew had been suffocated in their bunks while asleep.

Captain Cousins, to whose coolness and pluck in an hour of danger the safety of the vessel is due, then continued his voyage, arriving safely at Seattle the following morning.

LORD FRANCIS HOPE MARRIED.

Daughter of an Australian Banker His Second Bride.

Lord Francis Hope has married again. The lady of his second choice was Miss Olive Thompson, the younger daughter of the late Mr. George Thompson, a Melbourne banker.

The marriage, it transpires, took place very quietly on Saturday at a registrar's office in the country, only relatives and close friends of the bride and bridegroom being present. The honeymoon is being spent on the Continent.

The first marriage of Lord Francis Hope, who is a brother of the Duke of Newcastle, and heir to the title, was with Miss May Yole, the American actress, in 1894. Six years later, in the course of a tour round the world, the acquaintance was made in the United States of a certain Colonel Strong, and this marked the beginning of differences between Lord Francis Hope and his wife, the latter ultimately deserting her husband in favour of their new acquaintance. Subsequently Lord Francis Hope obtained a divorce, at the time of his petition to be wheeled into court in a bath chair owing to a shooting accident which had necessitated the amputation of a foot.

Lord Francis Hope's affairs have also figured in the Bankruptcy Court, and he was allowed to sell his heirloom, the famous Hope collection of pictures, for £121,000 to relieve his financial position.

His request to sell for £18,000 the blue Hope diamond, said to have been one of the crown jewels of Louis XIV., was refused by the Court.

His residence, Castle Blayney, one of the finest properties in Ireland, was rented by the Duke of Connaught.

NAVAL BOAT CUT IN TWO.

A collision, unhappily attended by loss of life, occurred in Devonport Harbour yesterday afternoon.

A pique boat belonging to the cruiser Edgar, after landing twenty-eight liberty men, was coming out of a basin stern foremost, and at the same time the torpedo-boat destroyer Vixen was steaming out of the harbour. The Vixen caught the smaller boat right midships, cutting her in two.

Able-seaman Arthur Ernest Tucker was drowned, and leading stoker Radle, was so badly scalped that he succumbed. Five other men were rescued in an exhausted state.

DULL DAY ON EXCHANGE.

Thanks to the weather there was not much chance of efficient calling on brokers, and in any case they have hardly been in Continental houses to cause them to meet the professional speculators in deferring business until it can be done in the settlement on the Exchange, a business is likely to shape. So the general market was a very dull day on the Stock Exchange, and it was also a very dull day in Paris.

Paris showed that at the monthly settlement, which commenced there yesterday the special account open was not large, but the same advice recorded a good deal of uneasiness prevailed as to what may happen by to-morrow, which is that final payment. Quite possible fears are being exaggerated.

The stock markets are never as a rule upset over an exit which they have seen from afar. When it comes to hand it usually proves to be much less serious than was anticipated.

But dealers marked Consols down with a good deal of vigour, and spoke of the necessity for liquidation in various directions. The suggestion that the "Sinking Fund," or to not to be resumed was, an adverse market feature.

As for Home Rail, there was no business, and what could be expected with the adverse weather conditions? As a matter of fact, the market held up fairly well, and was more than might have been expected from the prevailing conditions around.

America seemed to feel the uncertainty of the Continental position, for here the bogey is the possibility of subsidiary peace, and the German.

The London and Trunk monthly statement for January proved to be somewhat disastrous. The gross receipts during the month, thanks to the appalling weather, were over £15,000 less. It is to be hoped, however, that these losses, and snowstorms are evidently expensive, for the expenditure was only reduced by a matter of about £6,000 for the month. Small wonder that Trunks were marked down heavily.

In the Argentine Railway market they had another calamity, and the strike on the Rosario system had spread to the Santa Fe, the Central, and the Chaco. But the market did not give way at all.

Speculative foreigners naturally felt the nervousness of the continental bond markets, French, Russians and Japanese, were kept up fairly well.

In the Mining sections, which were all somewhat dull, except India, there was reported a little Continental selling of Kastur and Chartered shares were particularly weak.

Investors were buying Waterworks issues, and were disposed to sell Bank shares.

A £10 CIRCULATION PRIZE.

This Sum Will Be Given to the Reader Who Accurately Estimates Wednesday's "Mirror" Sales.

We published on Saturday a complete record of our circulation for ninety-nine numbers. Readers of a mathematical frame of mind should be able to figure out the rates of our growth, and give a rather accurate estimate of what our circulation will be tomorrow.

It will perhaps assist our readers if we repeat that the circulation of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* rose from 71,690 on January 28 to 87,779 on February 4, to 105,235 on February 11, to 122,499 on February 18, and stood at 143,844 on February 26. What will it be to-morrow?

To the reader who comes nearest to the actual circulation we will give a £10 note.

Every reader is allowed as many estimates as he likes, but each estimate must be made upon the accompanying form, and reach the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* office before noon to-day.

"DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" CIRCULATION £10 PRIZE COUPON.

I estimate the circulation of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" for Wednesday next, March 2nd, at

Name

Address

Fill in this coupon and post, or send, it to "CIRCULATION,"

"DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" OFFICE,

* It is understood that the decision of the editor is final. In case of a "tie" the first correct estimate received wins.

THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

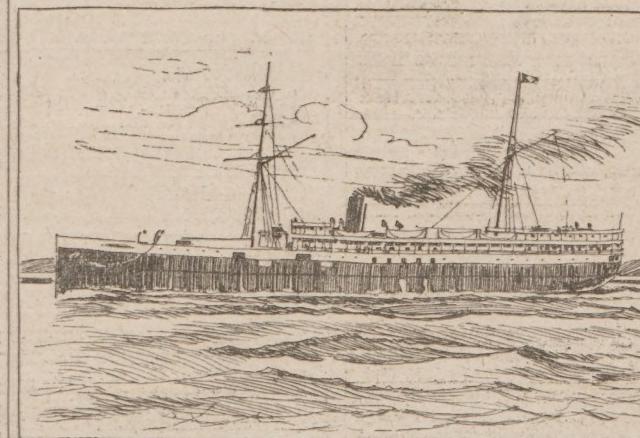
All the Royal Family have been extremely anxious lately about the Duke of Cambridge, who has really been a good deal more ill than people thought. Now, however, he is happily much better, and although, at the King's special request, he will not go to the Riviera, he will most likely be able to pay his proposed visit to Brighton before

graceful figure, beautiful dark hair, and faultless complexion, it is almost impossible to believe she is a grandmother.

She was the second wife of the late Lord Dudley, who was an exceedingly eccentric old man. One of his peculiarities was that, in spite of being very wealthy, he never could be induced to pay his servants' wages, and they invariably had to summon him. The master was looked upon quite as a joke, and there never existed the least ill-feeling over the matter.

Everywhere one finds the greatest interest manifested in the Russo-Japanese war. There is hardly a house in the West End where a map of the war

TRAGEDY OF A BURNING SHIP.



While the steamer Queen was on her way from San Francisco to British Columbia, fire broke out on board. The women and children were put into the life boats, while the men fought the flames. One of the boats capsized and ten of the women and children were drowned. Four of the crew lost their lives in the fire.

long. It is evidence of the immense popularity of the Duke that the last few days the gates of Gloucester House have hardly been closed, so incessant has been the stream of visitors with "kind inquiries."

Another Invalid.

Much sympathy is felt with Georgiana Lady Dudley, who is not only in the greatest anxiety about her son, Mr. Reginald Ward, who is to be operated on for appendicitis this week, but another son, Mr. John Ward, is also to be operated on for a growth at the back of his head, caused, I am told, by a fall.

Georgiana Lady Dudley, who is one of the most beautiful women in society, is a daughter of the late Sir Thomas Moncreiffe. Looking at her slight,

is not to be found faithfully brought up to date by the aid of flags and coloured pins.

The late Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, always plays this "war game." In his study there is a map of the seat-of-war, duly pricked out, and one of his first acts every morning is, with the help of his morning paper, to mark off the latest operations.

There is nothing new under the sun, for the great Napoleon, when planning out a campaign, always used vari-coloured pins on a map, and, when at war, kept a record of the progress of the combatant armies in the same manner.

The bride of to-day, Lady Grizel Cochrane, is greatly disappointed that her father, Lord Donaldson, is not able to leave his military duties in

time to be present at her wedding; but he is one of the most punctual officers, and never allows the most important thing to come between him and his work.

If Lord Dundonald had not been a peer he would have been distinguished as an inventor. His patent water-wheel was of the greatest use during the South African war, as was his galloping carriage; while many ladies have reason to be grateful for the "Intra," a little hand-warmer which can be carried in a muff.

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A Chapter of Accidents.

Lord and Lady Llangattock are now fairly started on their yachting trip in the Mediterranean, where the Santa Maria is experiencing rather different weather to that which befell the steamer on which Lady Llangattock went out to Marseilles to join the yacht.

It was the maiden voyage of the *Macdonald*, and, like Kipling's boat, "she had not yet found herself," for a series of accidents occurred. The captain fell down on the bridge and cut his head open; a stewardess, descending the companion, fell and broke her leg; while the third mishap was Lady Llangattock's, who slipped in her cabin and dislocated her shoulder.

"BRAVED" FOR BREAD.

A costermonger sued a Holloway coal merchant at Clerkenwell yesterday for injuries to his donkey, sustained in a collision with one of the defendant's trolleys. The animal was valuable, averred its owner; it would, if turned loose in the street, knock at the doors and beg its bread. It won a prize at the People's Palace Show, and was hired by a gentleman for his children to ride for the day at the price of £5.

"A truly marvellous donkey," said Judge Edge. The verdict was for the defendant, with costs.

Sir Arthur Power Palmer, lately Commander-in-Chief in India, will be buried with full military honours at Brompton Cemetery, at 2.30 to-morrow.

Unless the discharge of sewage from several forts on the Thames is discontinued summonses will be taken out against the War Office by the Thames Conservancy. This was decided at yesterday's meeting of the board.

London's "Zoo" again possesses a fine male kiang, or Tibetan wild ass. On only three previous occasions has the society owned a specimen, the inaccessibility of its mountainous haunts making the kiang extremely difficult to capture. Dr. Deighton, the veteran pedestrian, who is on a 1,000 miles walk from Land's End to John o' Groats, reached Redruth—twenty-seven miles on his journey—at 3.40 p.m. yesterday. His trainer accompanied him on a motor-car.

Members of the Indian Christian Union have sent a petition to the Home Secretary, praying for the release of Mr. G. E. T. Edalji, who, in October, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude in connection with the Great Wyreley cattle maiming outrages.

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